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TWO {SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6½d.



MADAME LOISINGER, MARRIED TO PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG,
AS SHE APPEARED IN THE OPERA, "FAUST AND MARGUERITE."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Even a Bluebook is not always dull reading; and, though there is a strong cerulean tint about the volume entitled "Literature and the Pension List," by Mr. Colles, it contains much interesting matter. For those connected with the world of letters it has even something of pathos; for it records the names of many who, though they have not "failed in literature and art" so conspicuously as to become critics, have been unable by their best exertions to keep the wolf of poverty from their door. That they fought hard before they cried for help is certain, since, in the larger number of cases, these literary almsmen have been sixty years of age or upwards. They have not long taxed their fellow-countrymen, whose annual grant, moreover, of £1200 a year to "Literature, Science, and Art" does not seem particularly munificent to begin with. Considering the wealth of England, and the enormous sums it lavishes in retiring political pensions, compensations, commutations, and jobs of all kinds, one may even call it shabby. Still, the dole is not so mean as the manner in which it is distributed. It seems hardly credible, but that one reads it here in black and white, that this paltry sum is often withheld from those for whom it was intended and used to eke out the incomes of pensioners of another sort. I have not a word to say against worthy persons of any class being provided for by the State; but let their provision come from the proper source. There are plenty of fat sheep for them in other pastures without their seizing on Literature's one ewe lamb. What had "the descendants of two persons who assisted Charles II. to escape" got to do with Literature? Or the three special constables who quelled a riot? What factor in the case was "the chief Factor in the Hudson's Bay Company"? These poachers, it is true, were not of to-day; but the poaching still goes on, and, what is still more irritating, the interlopers always receive much larger slices of the cake than those for whom it was baked. In 1884, for example, "the widow of a great musician receives a pension of £80 a year," and the mother and sisters of an officer killed near Khartoum £400 a year. Heaven forbid that they should not have it; but why should it be snatched from starving mouths? In 1880 "the aged sister of one of our greatest poets is granted a pension of £80, and the widow and children of an Ambassador, £500." It is quite possible that the latter lady had been more accustomed to luxury and required to be provided for on a larger scale; but why take it from the widow and orphan of the man of letters? In the year 1886 "the most eminent writer on nature that this or any other country has ever seen was sick unto death, and wellnigh starving." He would have starved but for the assistance of a few who learnt his needs. It was Richard Jeffries. His application for a pension was refused, though in the same year, from the very fund of which we speak, £45 was granted to the widow of an Irish police inspector and £250 to a Peeress!

It is fair to say that there is a looseness of wording in the Act of Parliament which gives some colouring to these monstrous intrusions; but, as Mr. Colles remarks, "the country at large regards the Civil List pension of £1200 a year as sacred to Art, Science, and Literature." There are other and far richer sources from which rewards can be drawn "for the performance of duties to the public," which is the clause by which these scandals are attempted to be justified. "The personal services to the Crown," though we may think the phrase out of place in the category of "useful discoveries in science and attainments in literature and the arts," are not objected to. It is rather surprising to read, in the year 1840, these items of expenditure in the list:—"The Rev. Henry Barez, teacher of German, £100, in consideration of the services rendered by him to her Majesty during her education. Signor Giuseppe Guazzaroni, teacher of Italian, for like services"; then a teacher of French, of singing, of writing, of music, and of dancing, all "for the like services," and all £100 apiece (except the Italian, who only got £50, being, I suppose, a comparative failure); but personal service to the Sovereign is in the bond. Moreover, from the nature of things, it must have its limitations. People cannot always be saving Charles II.'s life, or teaching "reading, writing, arithmetic, and the use of the globes" to the Heir Apparent; but diplomacy, alas! we have always with us, and for the future I hope she will cease to have representatives among our literary pensioners; also that military and naval persons will mercifully remember that the fund in question is called the Civil List; and that the police, in want of a provision for life, will be directed to "move on" elsewhere.

It may be said of the young lady who took the young gentleman's clothes, the other day, for the purpose of enlisting in the Army, that she went "too far"; but, apart from that strong measure, she does not appear to have gone farther than to the recruiting-sergeant. She was "rash," but others of her sex (to complete the famous degrees of comparison) have been "rasher," and gone "the whole hog." Matched with the spirit of adventure displayed by Miss Mary Anne Talbot, for instance, of both naval and military memory, hers was but "as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine." Mary Anne was very pretty, and (pictorially) my first love. You may see her still (in the *Wonderful Magazine*, I think) in her sailor's costume, and very becoming it is. First she was a drummer-boy, who at the siege of Valenciennes was wounded both by sword and bullet; but, refusing to go into hospital, lest her sex should be discovered, managed to cure herself "by a little basilicon, lint, and Dutch drops" (One wonders what the "Dutch drops" were, and hopes it wasn't brandy). Then she became a sailor-boy, and, as a powder-monkey on board the Brunswick, was wounded again in Lord Howe's famous victory. Transferred to the *Vesuvius*, she was taken by the French, after a running fight of seven hours, and incarcerated in Dunkirk for eighteen months. On her release, she went as ship's

steward to America, on which voyage occurred a serious misfortune—the captain's niece fell in love with her, and when parted (I am sorry to say, on Mary Anne's solemn promise to return and marry her), had fits. Returning to England, she was seized by a press-gang, and, having had enough of "climbing the climbing wave," confessed her sex, and was released. It is sad to relate that she drank a little, though she always attributed her being unsteady on her legs to a grape-shot received in action. A public subscription was, however, made for the heroine, and she enjoyed to the end of her days a pension from Queen Charlotte. Nevertheless, she got into various troubles, which has caused her biographer to remark that, "despite her intrepidity, she must be regarded rather as a beacon to warn from danger than a model for the female mind to emulate."

Miss Hannah Snell would have been a formidable rival to any young lady, short of Miss Talbot, in the way of adventure. She, also, "went for" a soldier (not in the sense of captivity, but merely of enlistment), and was wounded at Malplaquet. She was much more seriously injured at Carlisle, where she received 500 lashes for some infraction of military discipline. Her punishment was borne with such fortitude that the name, "Miss Molly," with which she had been twitted for her absence of whisker, was afterwards exchanged for "Hearty Jimmy." And she, too, after covering herself with glory at the siege of Pondicherry, was rewarded by a grateful country with a pension of £20 a year. What a narrative would De Foe have made out of the adventures of these two heroines! If he had done so, we should have, doubtless, passed upon it the complacent verdict: "This is an impossible story"; but with all his genius he could not foresee events that happened after his time.

A great deal of fun is poked at our novelists, not only for abolishing time and space to make two lovers happy, but for the ease with which they dispose of the difficulties incidental to that very common inconvenience in real life—narrow means. They never consider, it is said, that very vulgar obstacle, the want of funds. But are our medical men in the habit of considering it in giving advice to their patients? The family doctor, indeed, if he is worth his salt (or salts), will take it into his calculations; but the great man who is called into "consultation," seems always to imagine that his patients, or his patients' friends, are made of money. "He must go to Nova Zembla or Madeira," he says (as the scientific fad of the day suggests a cold climate or a hot one), without the least inquiry as to whether he has the money for the voyage, far less enough to keep him when he gets there. The fashionable physician is altogether above these miserable details. And now I see the medical newspapers are adopting the same magnificent tone with regard to the humblest sufferers. A man should walk six miles a day, and in the best part of it, one of them tells us, if he wishes to keep his liver in good order. Does the giver of this admirable advice understand that in nine cases out of ten he is recommending as great an impossibility as though he should say to a pauper patient, "Take a glass of '34 port after your dinner"? What working man—nay, what professional man—can spare two hours at mid-day away from his trade? It is quite curious how men who possess, at least, average intelligence, and can apply it to matters connected with their own calling, can be so utterly ignorant of the most ordinary conditions of human life. It is no wonder that the greatest incredulity of which the human mind is capable is now reserved for the dogmas of the Specialist and the Expert.

A too zealous Divine has been publishing a Catechism in which Dissent is pronounced to be a sin "not less than lying or a theft." His sense of proportion seems generally a little deficient, since lying and theft ought surely not to be placed in the same category. Almost everybody deviates from the truth occasionally—though, of course, actuated by the best of motives; while only a few of us steal anything—except, perhaps, umbrellas. But why he should have got into such trouble about "Dissent" is curious. To disagree with other people, even upon the most open question, is, surely, now-a-days—unless the newspapers are deceiving us—the unforgivable sin. To be an opponent is not only to be wrong (that is of course), but to be an unspeakable scoundrel. One reads it everywhere. There is no chance for anybody who does not wish to be called "a hypocrite," "a tyrant," "a forger," "a poltroon," "a liar," and "a robber"—I cull these flowers from two parterres of opposite politics, printed on the same day—unless he has no opinions, or has the art to conceal them. If England is "Merry England" still, it must be understood that no jokes are allowed in it which partake of a controversial character. Once upon a time it was permitted to "give and take"; now we only give—"give it" to those who venture to differ from us about a County Council; and yet this unfortunate Divine, for anathematising those whom (I suppose) he conceives to be the foes of the Faith, is gibbeted on the barndoor of public opinion. He would probably anathematise *me* (which he is very welcome to do); but, nevertheless, I like to see fair play. Even his Bishop frowns upon him, and "regrets to say" that he is unable to take that "short way" with him which was once so strongly recommended as a method of dealing with his enemies the Dissenters.

In consequence of the gold fever in Lower California, we read that all the waiters have left the hotels, and the guests have to get their own meals as best they can. To the home traveller, the man who is accustomed to take his ease in his inn, such a circumstance would probably give him a more vivid notion of a Revolution than the calling out of the Yeomanry or barricades in the streets. No doubt the Californian waiter is a very different personage from our devoted attendant at "The Royal" or "The Marine," always in evening dress, and never with a morning air; but what we should do without him I tremble to think. Hard things, it is true, have been said about him, but not by those who understand how to

treat him. The manageress of an hotel can do little for you beyond providing your rooms (the manager, of course, can do nothing); but the waiter, if he knows his work and how "everything comes to those who wait," can do much. I confess he is a great favourite of mine; whatever his motive—"though the faith may be the fee, and gratitude expectancy"—his actions are always of a friendly kind; even if he is naturally morose "his best he gives" (to us), "his worst he keeps" (for his proprietor). "Is that the garden?" I once inquired of one of these excellent fellows, pointing to a strip of green outside the hotel, about six feet by two. "Yessir; that is the spacious pleasure ground exclusively reserved for visitors," he answered, quoting from the advertisement, in a tone in which irony could no further go. But more often he is good-natured, and sometimes even sentimental. In that case how sad a lot is his—to make friends for a few days, sometimes only for a few hours, and then to lose them, perhaps, for ever!

What good memories waiters have! "I think I had the pleasure of seeing you and your family here before, Sir, in the summer of 1866?" We scarcely remember we have been there ourselves; but *he* remembers, and inquires tenderly after our little dog (unhappily run over). To be asked any question about their own private affairs delights these poor fellows, who are only too often looked upon as mere attachments to the sitting-room bell. Most of them have once kept a lodging-house, "but it was a bad season." Even the least attractive of them are frank. I was once obliged to tell one—who never did anything right by any chance, and always let the fire out—that, although doubtless excellent in every other relation of life, as a waiter he was a failure. "Well, Sir, the fact is," he said, dropping his voice to a confidential whisper, "that I am rather new to it: the day before yesterday I was a pork butcher." The confession seemed to do him good, and when we parted, the best of friends, he was so overcome with emotion as to use his napkin as a pocket-handkerchief. Upon the whole I think the foreign waiters at our hotels are the pleasantest. I can understand what they say (a thing I can never do in the case of other foreigners), which itself gives one a sense of exaltation. They are always smiling themselves, and a smile goes farther with them than with the native article; while half-a-crown, I need not say, goes a great deal farther. I hope gold will never be discovered ("in ledges," as at Ensenada, or otherwise) here at home to take all our waiters away. There are other classes we could much better afford to lose.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG'S WIFE.

The marriage of Prince Alexander of Battenberg, formerly Sovereign Prince of Bulgaria, to Mdle. Johanna Maria Loisinger, the admired prima donna of the Hessian Grand-Ducal Court Theatre at Darmstadt, took place on Feb. 6, at Mentone. The Prince and his bride, under the name of the Count and Countess Von Hartenau, intend to reside for some time on the Riviera or in Italy. It is understood that he has formally abandoned all pretensions to the Bulgarian Principality. This marriage being of the legal form recognised as "morganatic," his wife does not take the hereditary rank and title of her husband, which were derived from his mother, Princess Battenberg, a lady of the Imperial Court of Russia who married his father, the late Prince Alexander of Hesse. After he last quitted Bulgaria, in the autumn of 1886, Prince Alexander of Battenberg was talked of as a possible husband for Princess Victoria of Prussia, one of the daughters of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany and of the Empress Victoria; but it was said that this match was disapproved, on political grounds, by her brother, the Emperor William II., and by Prince Bismarck, as it would not be agreeable to Russia. The Prince has led a very quiet and retired life at Darmstadt since his return from Bulgaria, and has sought recreation in attending the opera, and in cultivating his taste for dramatic and musical art. The accomplished and beautiful lady whom he has chosen for his wife, Mdle. Loisinger, is nearly twenty-four years of age, having been born at Presburg, in Hungary, on April 18, 1865; her father was in the household service of Field-Marshal Signorini, an Austrian General of some note, and her mother, who is still living, is a native of Bruneck, in the Tyrol. Having early shown great talent for music, with a fine soprano voice, she was placed under the tuition of Professor Mayerberger, Kapellmeister of the Cathedral, at Presburg, and in 1880 sang at public concerts, with much applause. She next studied at Prague, under Kapellmeister Stolz; in 1884 she appeared on the opera stage at several cities and towns of the Austrian Empire; and in the autumn of 1885 obtained a permanent engagement at the Court Theatre of Darmstadt. Her performances are highly commended, and her personal character is worthy of esteem.

Lectures on science and art are given on Saturday afternoons at the South Kensington Museum.

New infant schools for Jews have been opened in Bucklestreet, Whitechapel, accommodation being now provided for 2300 children.

The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Princess Christian have granted their names as patronesses of the society now to be held at the Albert Hall in May next on behalf of the Grosvenor Hospital.

The secretary of the Children's Scrap-Book Missions makes his usual annual appeal for old Christmas and New-Year cards. Over 100,000 have now been received and made into 22,500 scrap-books, &c. For particulars, apply to 27, Benedict-road, Stockwell, London, S.W.

Bishop Wilkinson has presented the Church Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays with thirty-seven acres of freehold land at North Walsham as a site for a boys' farm home. It is proposed to raise funds for erecting buildings thereon to accommodate about forty boys, who will be trained for farm-life in the Colonies. The farm-home at Standon belonging to the society has for some time been full.

The Mayor and the members of the South Shields Marine Board assembled on March 6 to make presentations awarded by the King of the Belgians to Captain Carey, William Rountree (second mate), and four of the crew of the steamer *Warrior*, of South Shields, for rescuing the Belgian officials who were in the car of the military balloon *Argus*, which fell into the sea. Captain Carey was awarded a Civil Cross of the first class, the second mate a Civil Cross of the second class, and the seamen each a medal of the first class.

THE COURT.

The Queen arrived at Biarritz on March 7, and was received at the railway station by the civil and military authorities of the Department. The route to the Villa La Rochefoucauld was lined by the people, who gave her Majesty a most enthusiastic reception. President Carnot forwarded to the Queen a telegram of welcome. There was heavy rain on the 8th, but her Majesty took her customary drive on the 9th. After driving through the town in the morning to see the old fort and the long stretch of sand known as the Côte des Basques, the Queen went in the afternoon to visit the convent of nuns belonging to the Bernardine Order at a village called Anglet, between this place and Bayonne. Divine service was held on Sunday morning, the 10th, at Pavillon La Rochefoucauld, in the presence of the Queen, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Royal Household. The Rev. G. E. Broade, British chaplain, officiated. In the afternoon her Majesty and Princess Beatrice, attended by the Hon. Harriet Phipps, drove through the town and along the seacoast. A large number of people came from Bayonne and the neighbourhood to see her Majesty as she drove out. The Comtesse de Paris stayed here for a few hours on her way to Paris. On Monday morning, the 11th, the Queen and Princess Henry of Battenberg, attended by Lady Churchill, drove round Port Vieux, and in the afternoon her Majesty and the Princess took a drive along the seacoast. Queen Victoria was present on the 12th at a game at ball peculiar to the Basque provinces, which was given in her honour by the Municipality of Biarritz. She was heartily received by the crowd, and her Majesty's presence gave great pleasure to the community.

The Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria, Louise, and Maud of Wales arrived in London on March 9 from Sandringham for the season; and the Prince of Wales arrived in town early on Sunday morning, the 10th, on his return from the Riviera. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and the three Princesses, were present at Divine service. Prince Charles of Sweden paid a visit to the Prince and Princess at Marlborough House, and later in the day the Prince and Prince Albert Victor called upon his Royal Highness at the Grand Hotel. As this was the twenty-sixth anniversary of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, all the members of the Royal family at present in England dined with their Royal Highnesses at Marlborough House. Among those present were Prince Christian, Princess Louise, the Marquis of Lorne, the Duchess of Albany, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck. In the course of the day their Royal Highnesses received numerous congratulations. Lady Knutsford attended at Marlborough House on the 11th, and, on behalf of the Colonial Committee, presented to the Prince and Princess the present which has been subscribed for by the several Colonies and Dependencies of the Crown to commemorate their Royal Highnesses' silver wedding. It consisted of a clock and candelabra, together with two large wall-lights fitted for electric light. Lord Knutsford, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Sir Frederick Young, secretary to the committee, were present. The Prince and Princess of Wales witnessed the performance of "Les Femmes Nerveuses" at the Royalty Theatre in the evening. On the 12th, the Prince and Princess and their daughters visited the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, in Piccadilly. The Prince, Prince Christian, and many other distinguished visitors were among a throng of some eight thousand persons who assembled to see the American baseball match at Kennington Oval. The competing teams were the All America and the Chicago, and the latter were the victors by seven runs to four. The Prince, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, in the evening visited the Prince of Wales's Theatre, to witness the comic opera of "Paul Jones."

Prince Albert Victor of Wales will preside at a festival dinner to be held at the Hôtel Métropole on May 29, in aid of the funds of the Great Northern Central Hospital, Holloway-road, which was opened in July last by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

It is officially stated that the date of Prince Albert Victor's visit to Belfast to open a new dock, to be called the Alexandra Dock, has been definitely fixed for May 21 and 22 next.

At the sitting of the Special Commission upon the charges against Mr. Parnell and others on March 12, evidence relating to the Land League accounts was given. A witness named Coffey was then called for the *Times*, and it appeared that he had made startling declarations to the solicitor regarding the Land League and the perpetrators of outrages, but in the witness-box he declared that these were entirely imaginative fabrications of his own, and that he had deceived the solicitor, from whom he had obtained £180. His boasting of this and his impudence procured for him a committal to prison.

FRENCH AND RUSSIANS AT TAJOURAH.

The unauthorised private crusading adventure of a Russian party of religious and political fanatics, accompanied by an Archimandrite of the Eastern Church, to force their way into Abyssinia from the coast just outside the Red Sea, came to a disastrous end. The port of Obok, which became a French colony in 1862, is situated below Assab and Perim, and is nearly opposite to Aden, at the entrance to the Strait of Bab-el-Mandib; with this place, also, the French Republic claims a territorial protectorate, or sovereignty, of the shores of the Bay of Tajourah, opening into the Gulf of Aden. The rights of France to this territory, as far as Djibouti, at the southern extremity of the bay, with the cession of a few small sandy islets in the bay, were recognised in a convention agreed to by the British Government, which occupies Zeyla, to the south of the bay; this convention dates from 1882. The natives of this part of the African coast are Danakils, ruled by their own chief, Ahmed-ben-Mohammed, who is styled Dardar or Sultan, and who acknowledges his dependence on French protection. Obok is a regular port of call for the French steam-boats of the Messageries Maritimes between Suez and Madagascar. On Jan. 14, a company of about sixty Russian Cossacks, headed by



CAPTAIN ATCHINOFF,
Leader of the Russians who landed at Tajourah.

Captain Atchinoff, Hetman of Cossacks of the Volga, with many Russian priests and monks, and some women, nuns or others, landed at the town of Tajourah, the Cossacks bearing arms, contrary to the prohibition of the French Governor of Obok; they marched on defiantly to the old fort of Sagallo, five or six hours' march from Tajourah, and took military possession of it, hoisting the Russian flag. The Russian Government had emphatically disavowed any responsibility for the proceedings of Hetman Atchinoff, who had been previously negotiating with the Negus or King of Abyssinia, and had promised to assist him in driving the Italians from the coast of the Red Sea; but the expedition was combined with a religious mission to convert the Abyssinians to the Russian or Greek Church. The French Governor of Obok now applied to the Government in Paris for instructions, and there were communications between the French and Russian Governments, the latter entirely disclaiming all concern for Atchinoff. Finally, the result was that Admiral Olry, in a French vessel of war, *Le Seignelay*, went up to Sagallo, summoned the Russians to surrender, and on their refusal, bombarded the little fort, then took possession of it, and made them prisoners. Six or seven of the Cossacks were killed and many wounded in the combat. The Russian Government has not regarded this as a hostile act; but the French political association called the "Ligue des Patriotes," which advocated an alliance between France and Russia against Germany, commenced an agitation for which its leader, M. Paul Déroulède, is being prosecuted, with four others, and the association has been suppressed by the authority of the French Government. The Russians have been delivered to a Russian ship at Suez, to be sent home.

The Rev. H. W. McKenzie, M.A., now assistant-master of Wellington College, has been appointed head-master of Lancing College.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The decree of July, 1886, banishing the Duc d'Aumale from French territory, has been revoked. The revocation was the subject of a debate in the Chamber on March 9. The Government declared that the measure was not political, and they obtained the approval of the House by three hundred and sixteen votes against one hundred and forty-seven. The Duc d'Aumale arrived in Paris on the 11th, and drove out to Chantilly to stay at the château of the Prince de Joinville. On the 12th the Duke was received by President Carnot, whom he thanked for the decree authorising his return to France. He afterwards paid visits to M. Tirard, Marshals Canrobert and MacMahon, and to the six secretaries of the Academy.

Signor Crispi has formed a new Ministry of the Radical Party, which has been accepted by King Humbert.

On March 9 the first anniversary of the death of the Emperor William was observed in Berlin. A service was held in the palace of the Empress Augusta, at which the Emperor and Empress and many members of the Imperial family were present. Their Majesties, the young Princes, the Empress Augusta and her daughter the Grand Duchess of Baden, afterwards placed wreaths on the tomb at Charlottenburg.—On the 8th Count Moltke celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his entrance into military service. The Count, who received many flattering congratulations, is in his eighty-ninth year.

One hundred and twenty-four ladies of the aristocracy of Vienna, whose signatures fill eleven parchment rolls, are preparing an illuminated address of condolence with the Empress of Austria-Hungary. A similar address is being framed by ladies of the middle class.

King Milan of Serbia has abdicated in favour of his son, who has been proclaimed as Alexander I. He is in his thirteenth year; and a Council of Regency has been appointed. The Regents have issued a proclamation, which declares that they will endeavour to maintain the friendship of the Great Powers, and to ripen it by cultivating good international relations.

Ex-President Cleveland has resumed practice as a lawyer in New York.—Mr. John Ericsson, the famous Swedish engineer, died recently in New York, aged eighty-six.—A slight shock of earthquake occurred on March 8, in eastern Pennsylvania.

In the Canadian Budget statement a surplus is anticipated of two million dollars.

After severe fighting in East Africa the Germans have retaken Bagamoyo. The Arabs lost heavily, and their leader, Bushiri, was wounded.

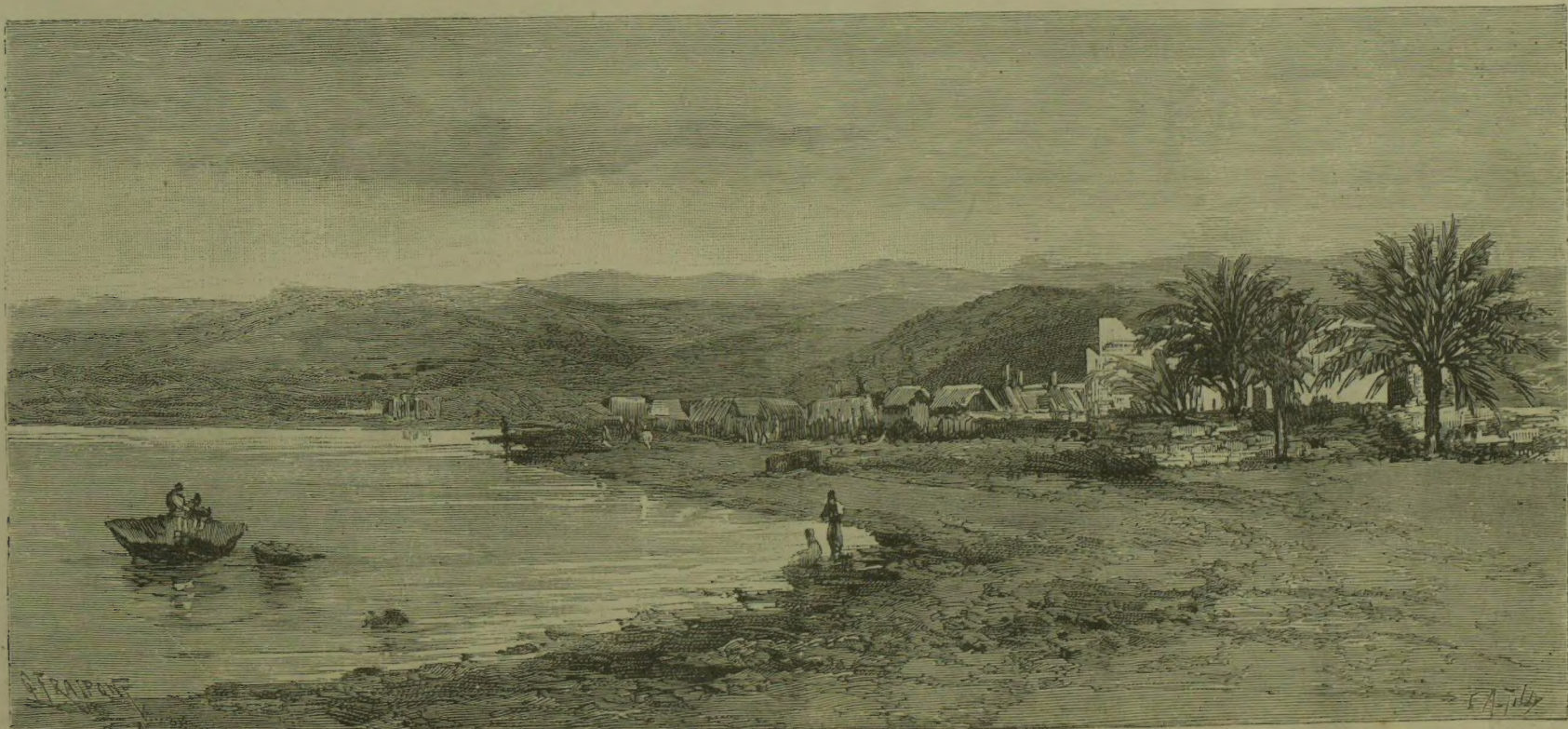
It is reported from Calcutta that letters by the late Prime Minister of Cashmere have been recently discovered, which show that the Maharajah of the country has been long plotting against the Indian Government, and that he had contemplated poisoning the British Resident. Since this discovery the Maharajah has offered to abdicate.

The Victorian Parliament has been dissolved, and the elections have been fixed for March 28.

During the debate on the Address in the New South Wales Legislative Assembly, Sir Henry Parkes brought forward his amendment expressing want of confidence in the Ministry, which was carried by 68 against 64 votes. In consequence of this defeat the Ministry resigned, and Sir Henry Parkes, who was Premier in the last Cabinet, was summoned by the Governor. The new Ministry is constituted as follows:—Sir Henry Parkes, Premier and Colonial Secretary; Mr. Macmillan, Colonial Treasurer; Mr. Bruce Smith, Minister of Works; Mr. J. M. Brunner, Minister for Lands; Mr. Sydney Smith, Minister for Mines; Mr. J. H. Carruthers, Minister of Public Instruction; Mr. O'Connor, Postmaster-General; Mr. Gould, Minister of Justice; Mr. Simpson, Attorney-General.

At Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment on Wednesday evening, March 20, a new piece will be produced, entitled "Brittany Folk," written by Walter Frith, the music by Alfred J. Caldicott.

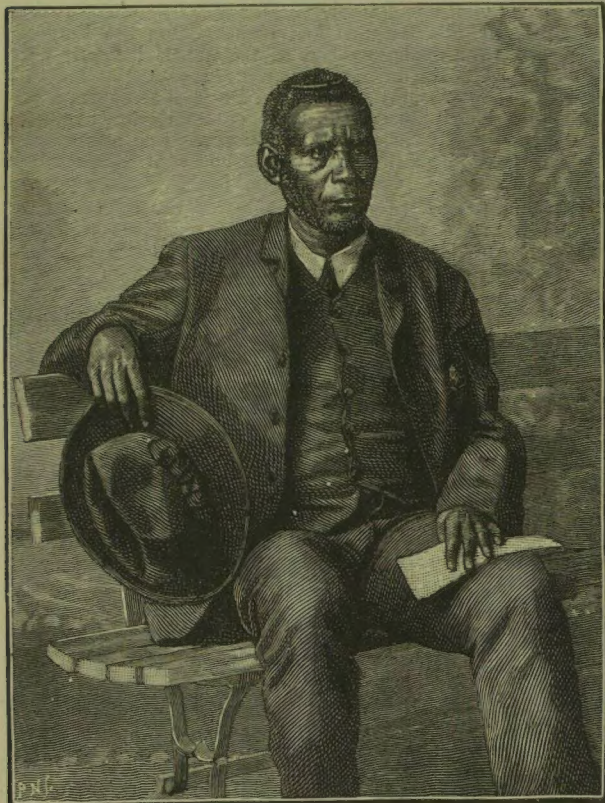
At Brompton Hospital on March 12 a very attractive programme was provided by Mr. Claude Trevor, assisted by the following talented performers:—Miss Beata Francis, Mrs. and Miss Ullithorne, Signor Mahnes, and Miss Marie De Grey. Miss Beata Francis, a great favourite at Brompton, was encored after her singing of "I Know Not Why" and the "Echo" song; and similar compliments were paid to Signor Mahnes, Mr. Claude Trevor; Miss Ullithorne, after her charming violin playing; and Miss De Grey, whose recitations of "Filial Little Frank" and "The Courtin'" were greatly to the taste of the audience.—On the previous Tuesday, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Upton, with several other gifted friends, provided a delightful evening.



TAJOURAH, BAY OF OBOK (FRENCH PROTECTORATE), AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE RED SEA.

THE MATABELE MISSION.

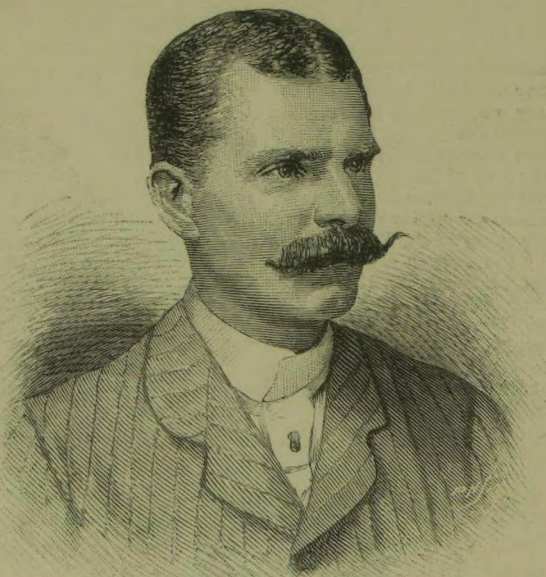
In the interior of South Africa, to the north of the Limpopo river, which is the boundary of the Transvaal Republic, is the country of the Matabele, an independent nation, whose King, Lo Bengula, recently sent two of his Indunas, or Councillors of State, to England on a special mission to Queen Victoria. The country is rich in gold, which was discovered in 1864 by Carl Mauch, the German mineralogist, and by the late Mr. Thomas Baines, existing chiefly in the large gold-fields of the Tati river and in the more northerly district called Mashonaland, towards the Zambesi. An English company, with which Sir John Swinburne, Bart., was connected, having been formed



UMSHETE.

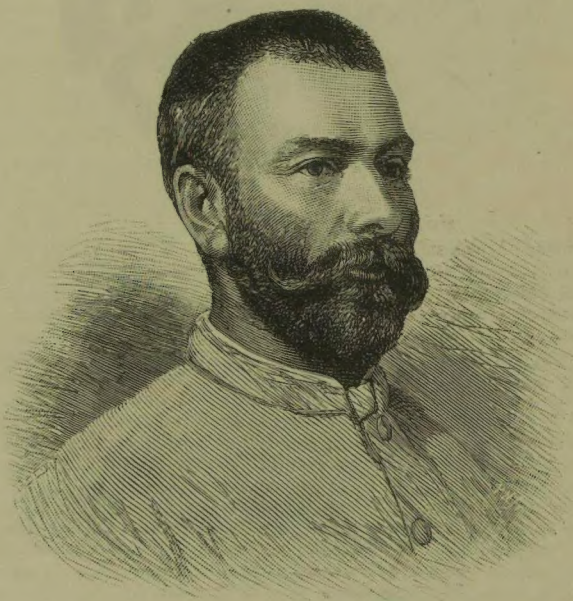
to work the Tati gold-fields, he visited the country, with Captain A. L. Levert, in 1869; gold was obtained, and in 1872 Lo Bengula granted to the company a concession of the mines, which was renewed in 1887; but the mining operations, conducted by Messrs. Francis and S. Edwards, were interrupted for some time by the disturbed state of the Transvaal frontier.

Our Matabele visitors came to England to see the Great White Queen, the protector of native races, of whom they had often heard much from hunters and traders. In 1885 their King, Lo Bengula, tried to open direct intercourse with our Government, but failed, owing to our fears of incurring fresh responsibilities. Now, however, harassed by many difficulties from Boers, Portuguese, and gold-seekers, the King has sent two trusted men, with an interpreter, at his own expense, to establish close relations with the English, whom he has ever respected, but who have so long neglected him. As if in irony



MR. E. A. MAUND.

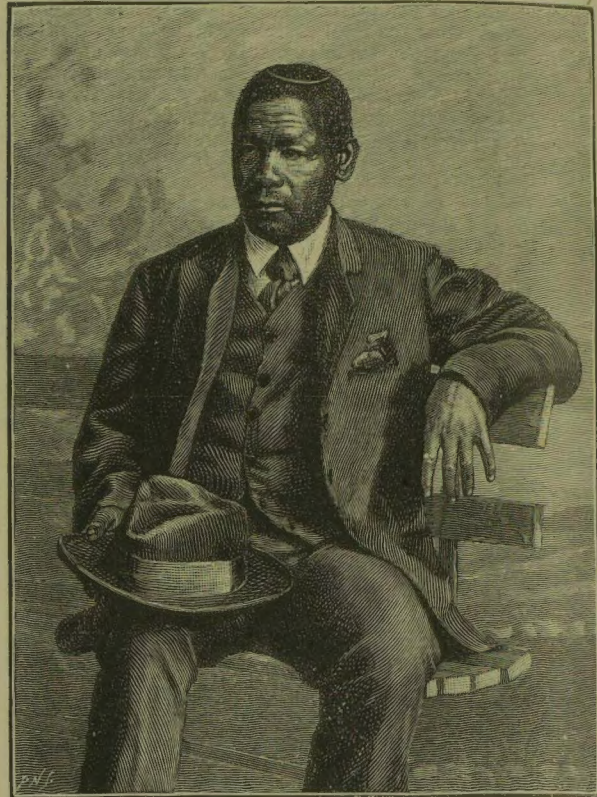
for this neglect, he chose Mr. E. A. Maund, who was dispatched on the former mission to him, and who happened to be this year again in his country, to take charge of his two Envoys, and to bear a letter from him to our Queen. Her Majesty graciously received the mission at Windsor, and assured the Indunas that they should have an answer to their messages through her Ministers. Umshete and Babyjane, for such are their names, were much gratified by their reception. They



J. COLENBRANDER, THE INTERPRETER.

admired the gigantic stature of the Guards, they enjoyed the luncheon provided for them; but the trophies of conquered native African rulers, in the Corridor of Arms, even to the assegais of Cetewayo, made a great impression on their minds.

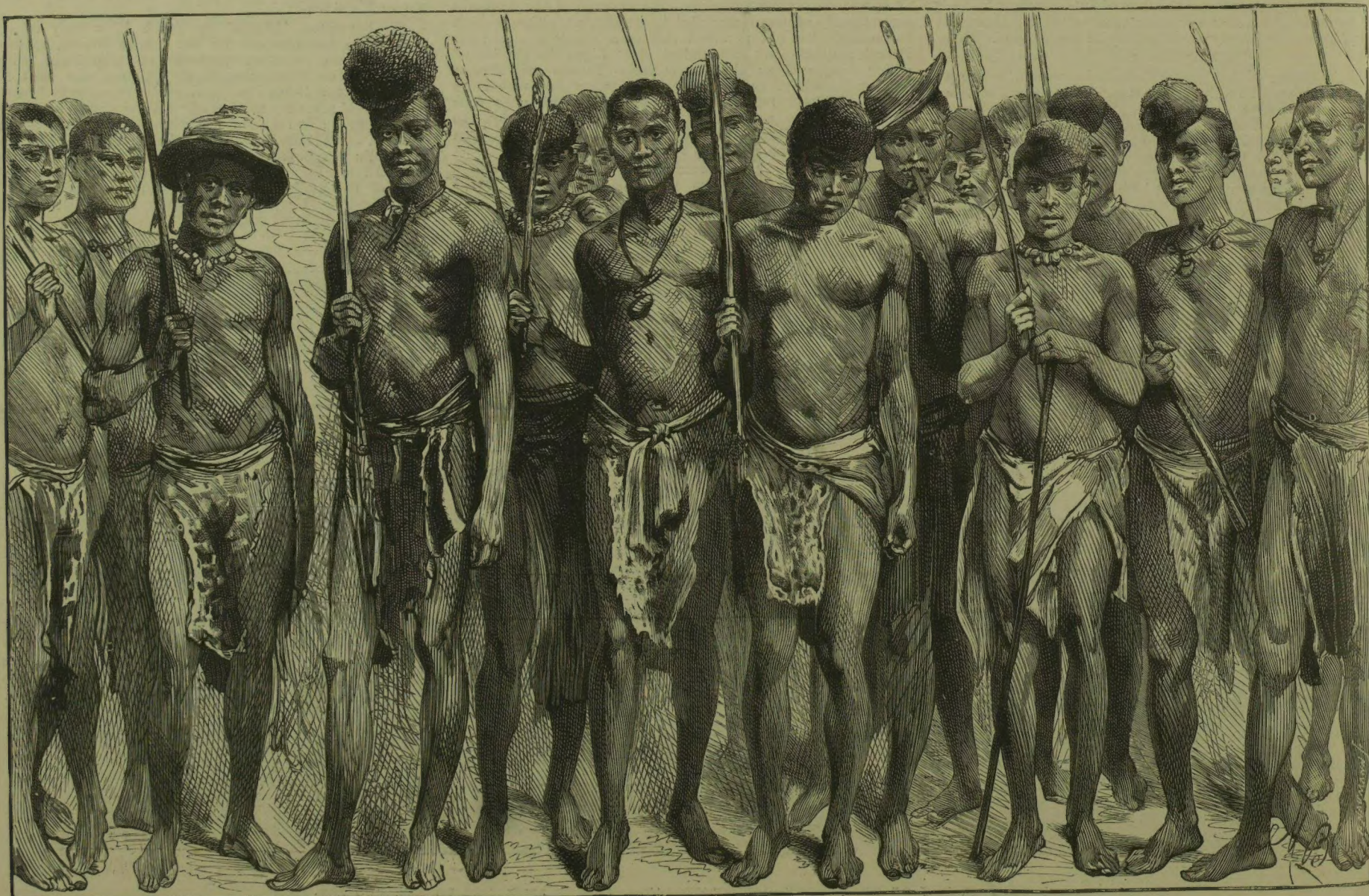
During their stay in London they have seen much. They were astonished by the animals at the Zoological Gardens; but by nothing so much as by the whirl of life—the ceaseless train of vehicles, the busy crowd of men in our streets, and the display of riches in our shops. They are to be further treated with visits to Aldershot, Woolwich, Chatham, Portsmouth, Shoeburyness, and Birmingham; so they will be enabled to compare the British military resources with those of the Boers, and to see the effects of our powerful artillery. Our



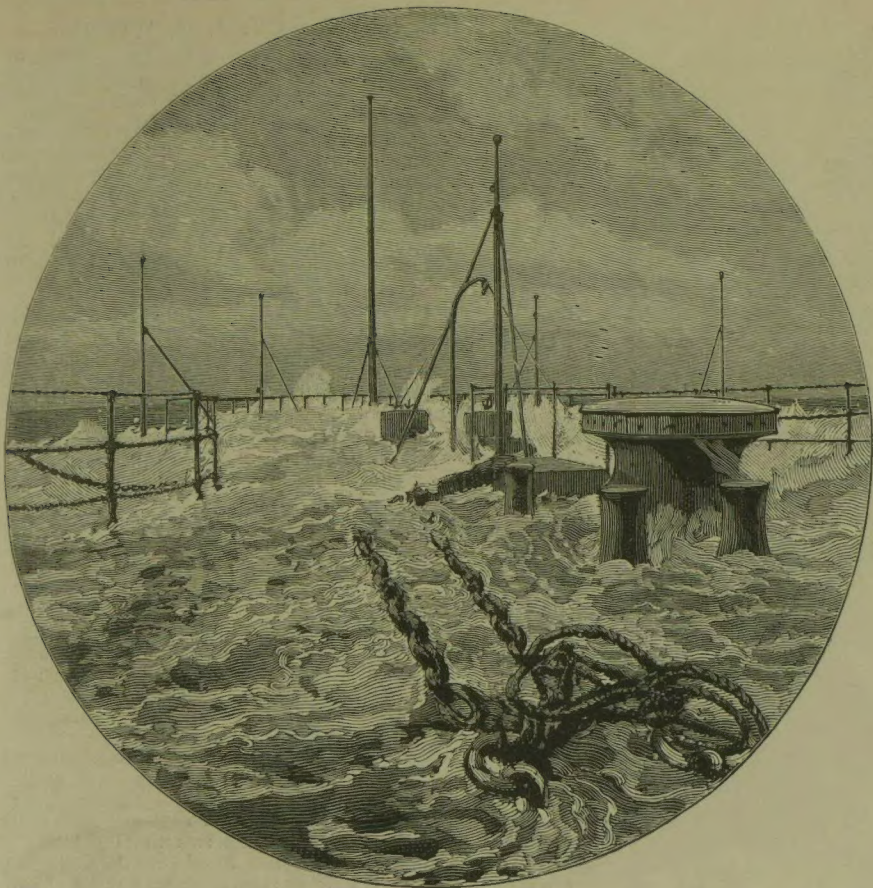
BABYJANE.

Government is to be congratulated on thus trying amicably to gain access for English enterprise to Matabeleland, which would seem an essential point of British policy in South Africa. It brings us up to that natural frontier the Zambesi River, the great water-way for opening up this fine district. It is a country rich beyond compare—in woodland and water, in flocks and herds, and cornland; above all, in mineral wealth, little surpassed by the fabled "King Solomon's Mines" of Mr. Rider Haggard. It is the country of the future, greater and richer, perhaps, than the Transvaal. Events move very fast now in South Africa. In 1884 Bechuanaland was unheard of, and the Transvaal was poverty-stricken. The former may be looked on simply as a stepping-stone to Matabeleland, and some day, perhaps, extended railways will bring this country easily within civilising distance.

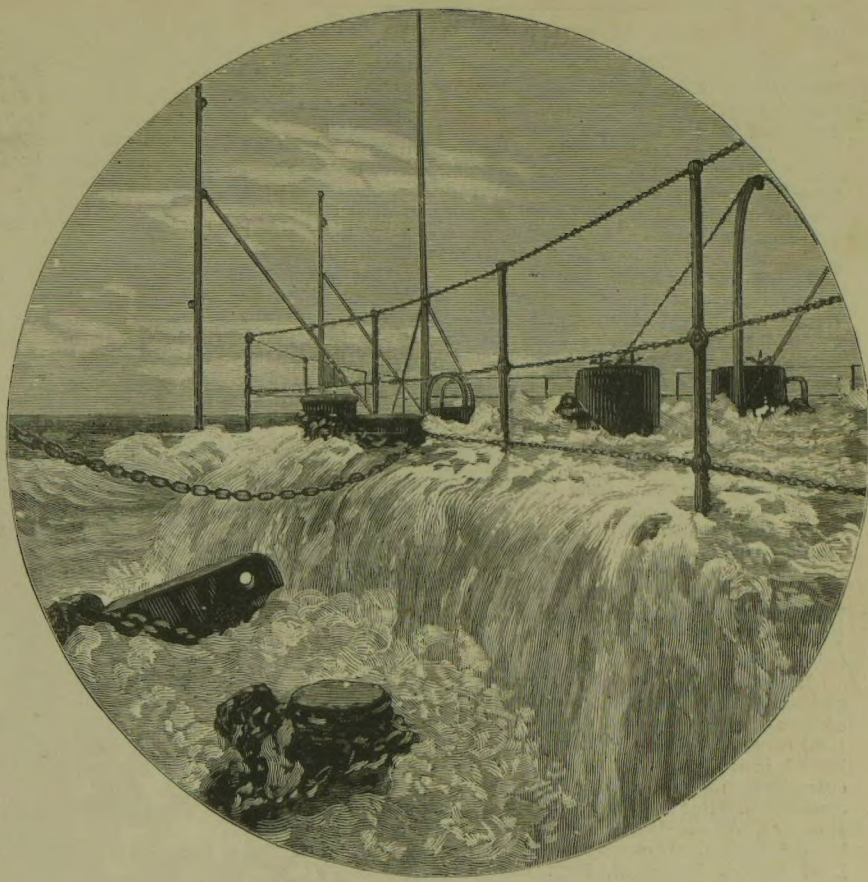
Our Engravings, beside portraits of the native envoys,



GROUP OF IMBEZU REGIMENT OF MATABELE.



UPPER DECK OF H.M.S. SANSPAREIL.



WATER POURING OFF THE UPPER DECK OVER THE PORT ANCHOR.

H.M.S. SANSPAREIL GOING AGAINST THE WIND.—FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS.

represent a crowd of young men belonging to a very unruly regiment, the "Imbezu," whose behaviour last year for some time imperilled the lives of all white men in the Matabele country. We are assured that three months ago the present envoys were little better dressed, wearing perhaps a kilt of skins.

England has a distinct mission in civilising and protecting the natives of South Africa—not in dispossessing them, or letting them exterminate and enslave others. The King and people of a rich country are now making overtures to us. Let us accept a moral responsibility which will cost us little or nothing, and which will bring its abundant recompense in the near future.

The Portraits are from photographs by Mr. S. B. Barnard, of Capetown.

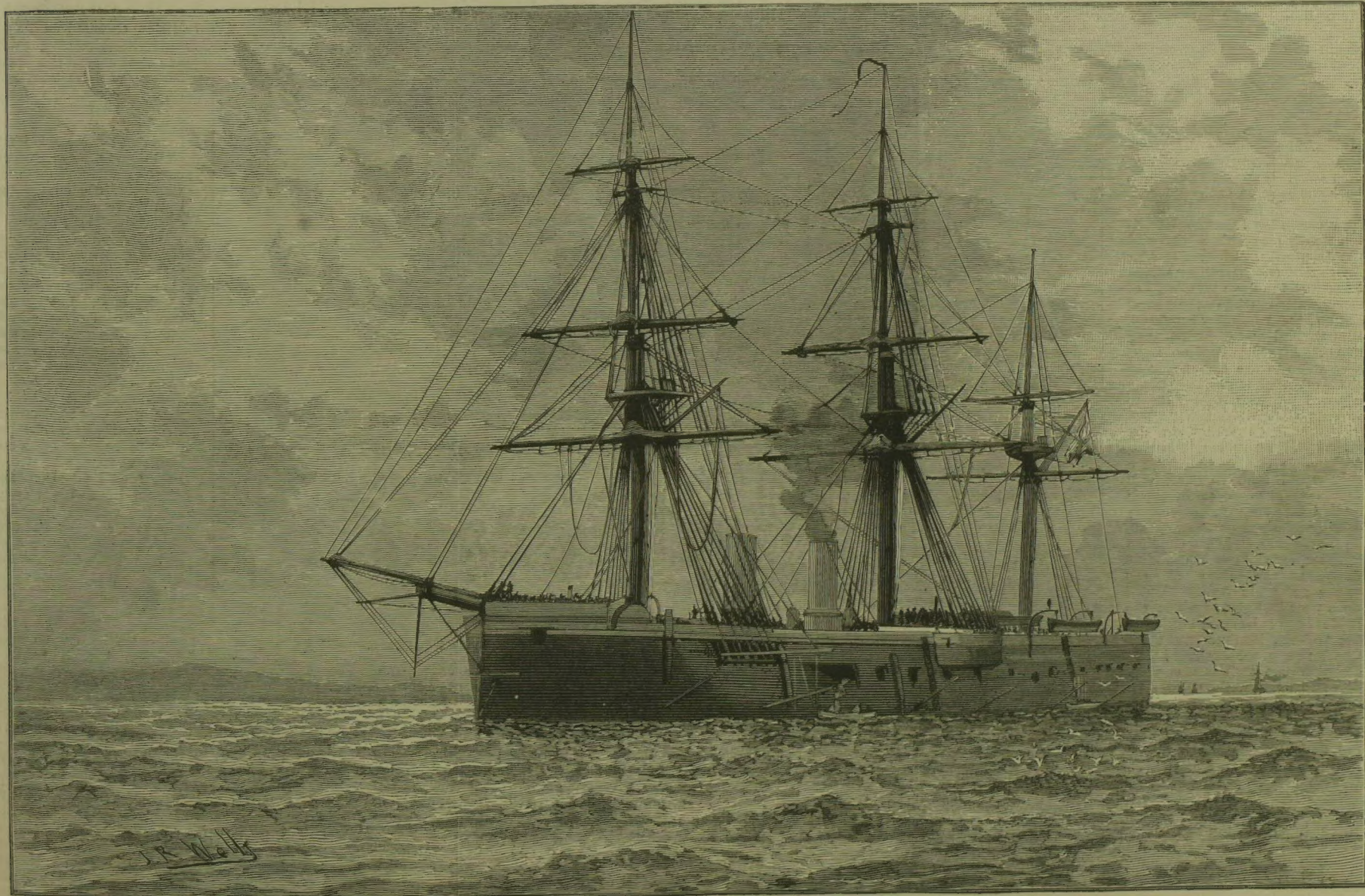
Lord Manners intends subscribing £3000 towards the funds of the Polytechnic Institute for South-West London.

DISASTER TO H.M.S. SULTAN.

This fine British ironclad, which was formerly commanded by his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh in the Mediterranean, was stranded on the rocks of Comino, a small islet midway between Malta and the neighbouring island of Gozo, early in the morning of Thursday, March 7, and was abandoned that day by her captain and crew. She lay on the rocks at the south-east side of Comino, 600 yards from the shore, with her bow east-north-east; she was drawing 30 ft. aft, 29 ft. forward; and had water in the hold fore and aft, but most forward. The wind was west-north-west, a moderate breeze. Her Majesty's ships *Alexandra*, *Téméraire*, *Albacore*, *Landrail*, *Samson*, and *Hellespont* went to assist, and the German steamer *Berger Wilhelm* was alongside. Machines and 12-inch steam-pumps were sent for, and the ship was lightened, until Monday, March 11, by removing her guns and stores, in hopes of getting her afloat. The Duke of Edinburgh

was on board the *Alexandra*. The *Sultan* is officially described as a screw-armoured battle-ship of the second class, carrying nineteen guns, of 9290 tons, and 7720-horse power. She was commissioned at Portsmouth on April 20, 1882, and is temporarily attached to the Mediterranean squadron. Her principal officers are Captain Ernest Rice, Commander George M. Henderson, and Lieutenants R. S. Lowry (gunnery), C. W. Thornton, and David E. P. Carmichael. Our illustration of this ship is from a photograph by Messrs. Symonds and Co., of Portsmouth.

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society has taken permanent offices at 45, Great Marlborough-street, and is preparing for another exhibition. Mr. Walter Crane remains president, and Mr. Ernest Radford has been elected secretary. The society has already more than doubled its membership of last year, and bids fair to become a thoroughly representative body.



H.M.S. SULTAN, STRANDED NEAR MALTA.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Her Majesty, braced by the breezes of Biarritz, may be consoled to know that, despite the rancour of political strife outdoors and in the Commons, the Prime Minister and Lord President of the Council continue to exchange quips and cranks, accompanied by wreathed smiles, as they lounge on the Ministerial bench of the House of Lords. Cheerfulness prevails in the gilded chamber. It has become quite a custom for first one noble Lord and then another to drop on to the woolsack by the side of our droll Lord Chancellor, always full of bonhomie, to enjoy a whispered chat with his Lordship. Indeed, so regular has this habit grown to be that one would not be astonished to see "five o'clock tea" handed round to Lord Halsbury and his "interviewers"—that is, if it were not the usual thing for noble Lords to make haste to adjourn before five. As for the thinly attended front Opposition bench, the gaiety of their Lordships seated thereon has been enhanced by the return of Lord Herschell, buoyant of spirit and bronzed in face, thanks to his Indian holiday. It was to be observed on Monday, the Eleventh of March, that the Earl of Rosebery once again crossed the floor of the House to study the prospect from the Ministerial side, finding an excuse now in a desire for conversation with a noble friend on the back bench. With respect to subjects for debate, it may be remarked they are so scanty (although the legislative needs of the country are by no means few) that this particular sitting actually ended in a triangular duel between Earl Fortescue, Lord Magheramorne, and Lord Kimberley regarding the frontage of a Marylebone hospital—a question certainly more suitable to a vestry than to the House of Lords.

Lord Randolph Churchill's reappearance in his old corner seat on the bench immediately behind Ministers in the House of Commons was a notable event. Pale as usual, the noble Lord resumed his place on the Seventh of March, and fell into his old, incurable habit of curling his fair moustache. Whatever pleasure Ministers may have felt at his return was well dissembled. But his Lordship's stanch colleague, stalwart Mr. Hanbury, was manifestly so rejoiced that he could not conceal his satisfaction. It could soon be seen that Mr. Hanbury and Lord Charles Beresford, from the significant smiles they exchanged, were in the secret as to the attitude Lord Randolph Churchill had decided to adopt with regard to the Navy Estimates. Indeed, so firmly seemed this trio to be allied that the name of "Hanbury, Truman, and Buxton" was applied to them by one member who had not forgotten the "Marshall and Snelgrove" epithet of the noble Lord.

Lord George Hamilton had far from an easy task to perform, with the knowledge that these three presumably adverse critics were ready to indulge in file-firing at his devoted head from the flank and rear. The First Lord of the Admiralty, however, began his important statement respecting the extraordinary additions the Government proposed to make to the Navy with a clearness and precision of style that at the outset seemed to justify the confidence Lord Beaconsfield once reposed in him as a statesman of highest promise. But as he went on his hold on his hearers lessened. He grew discursive, and too wordy. Cheers encouraged his Lordship, however, when he insisted that, as other nations were pushing forward the building of war-ships, so should we. Contemplating the possible combination of two foreign fleets against us, he affirmed the need of a large reserve of men-of-war, armed and equipped; and, though he deprecated excessive expenditure, he yet declared an increase necessary. There was a dull, tedious interval of dockyard statistics, during the dry recital of which figures the noble Lord was studiously checked by an ex-Chief Constructor of the Navy, Sir E. J. Reed, who for the time being occupied the place of Mr. Gladstone on the front Opposition bench. The gist of the First Lord of the Admiralty's motion was that seventy new ships of war should within the next four and a half years be added to the Navy at a total cost of £21,500,000. Of this good round sum, ten millions would be obtained from the Consolidated Fund during the next seven years; the remaining £11,500,000 being forthcoming from the Navy votes of the next five years.

Lord Randolph Churchill plainly meant mischief. There was mischief in his sparkling eyes—fine, expressive eyes—as he leant back to exchange confidences with Lord Charles Beresford whilst Lord George Hamilton was lauding his advisers at the Admiralty. His tall, slender figure rose, and literally resolved itself into the form of a note of interrogation when the First Lord of the Admiralty sat down. He wanted "to know, you know." Although he simply put a question to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it was insidiously couched in such a way as to suggest that there was "much cry and little wool" in the Ministerial resolution, the proposition amounting to a pledge that would bind Parliament in future years to a scale of naval expenditure that might not in coming Sessions or Parliaments be approved. Mr. Goschen afforded his Lordship ample financial particulars of the scheme; and Mr. Smith handed up a pencilled statement to the noble Lord; but the beaming faces of Mr. Hanbury and Lord Charles Beresford betokened their consciousness that it was a desire to prod the Ministry that dares to exist without him that really animated the arch interrogator. Lord Charles Beresford's objection to the resolution was that the plan came from an irresponsible body, and that no plan ought to be considered satisfactory which does not distinctly provide that the British Navy should be sufficiently strong to cope with the allied Navies of two other Great Powers, one of which should be France. The noble and gallant Lord, it will be remembered, was at Christmastide portrayed in *The Illustrated London News* when he enforced this argument in the House at length with cogency and power, and with a command of his subject that won for him general admiration and widespread approval.

There is no member more constant in his attendance than Mr. Bradlaugh, who has now completely dissipated the prejudice that formerly existed against him in the House. This being the case, it seemed hard on the hon. member that he was unsuccessful on the Eighth of March in his motion to expunge from the official records the resolution passed on the Twenty-second of June, 1880—viz., "That having regard to

the reports and proceedings of two Select Committees appointed by the House, Mr. Bradlaugh be not permitted to take the oath or make the affirmation."

There has been the inevitable Irish debate in the Commons; and at the commencement of each sitting the Secretary for Ireland and Mr. Henry Matthews have been vivaciously "heckled" as to the alleged facilities granted by the Government to *Times* representatives to interview Irish convict witnesses in prison. The Home Secretary's candid admission that in one case an interview of this kind was granted on the



THE LATE REV. J. G. WOOD, NATURALIST AND AUTHOR.

application of Mr. Soames led to the right hon. gentleman's coat-tails being tugged by Mr. Balfour, and to an animated conversation between them afterwards.

The most important Ministerial declaration in the Commons since the First Lord of the Admiralty's Navy speech was Mr. Edward Stanhope's luminous exposition of the Army Estimates and of the new plan of military organisation. Mr. Stanhope indulges in a crescendo style of delivery irresistibly suggestive of a schoolboy striving to infuse manliness into his voice. His commendably lucid explanation so far gave satisfaction—even to Lord Randolph Churchill, for a wonder—that it assured the House that every possible means at present at the disposal of the War Office would be adopted to repel invasion (a "bogey" for conjuring up which there is surely no warrant at this pacific moment). Thus, the Secretary for War relied greatly upon submarine mines for the protection of our ports; and, with swelling mien, rattled through the roll-call of 124,000 men of the Reserve Forces for garrison work, the 80,000 Regulars who could be smartly mobilised, and the Army of Volunteers that would materially strengthen our defensive forces. It was, in effect, a most reassuring statement, in so far as our heterogeneous and insufficient number of troops go. Lord Wolmer's capital speech in favour of Militia reform, a pointed address of practical value, clearly delivered, was succeeded by Lord Randolph Churchill's honeyed remarks, conveyed in cooing tones.



THE VANDALIA AT BRIGHTON, AFTER COLLISION WITH A STEAMER IN THE CHANNEL.

It was reserved for Sir George Trevelyan to render a qualified support to Lord Wolsey's recent appeal in favour of arming the nation; this possibly prospective War Minister of the next Liberal Administration contending chiefly, however, that "Defence, not Defiance" should be our motto, and that we should rest content with providing for the safety of the British Isles, India, and our Colonies. It will be seen that there has been, metaphorically speaking, a considerable beating of the drum and playing on the fife in the House. But are we any safer for the millions voted?

A fellow of the Royal Meteorological Society states that his solar radiation thermometer (verified at the Royal Observatory, Kew) registered in the sun at Ventnor 120.4 deg. Fahrenheit on March 9, and 120.1 deg. on the 11th.

The members of the Gymnastic and Athletic Club of the City of London College held their fifth annual assault-at-arms, in the hall of the college, on March 15, under the direction of the instructor, Mr. W. McWhirter.

THE LATE REV. J. G. WOOD.

It is not long since we had to regret the death of Mr. R. A. Proctor, who as a writer and lecturer on astronomy had done so much to popularise the results of that noble science. The loss of the Rev. John George Wood, F.L.S., who died, at Coventry, on March 3, is an occasion of similar regret; for his pleasing and instructive books, and his lectures, the last of which, on ants, was delivered in London a few days before his death, have been equally useful in making familiar to us the wonders of natural history, or that branch of it which concerns the structure and habits of animals. Mr. Wood was the son of a surgeon who was at one time chemical lecturer at the Middlesex Hospital. He was born in London in 1827, and was educated first at Ashbourne Grammar School, afterwards at Merton College, Oxford, which he entered in 1844. In the following year he was elected Jackson scholar, and he graduated B.A. in 1848 and M.A. in 1851. After being attached for two years to the Anatomical Museum at Christchurch, Oxford, he was ordained in 1852 as Chaplain to the Boatmen's Floating Chapel. This post he held four years; in 1856 he was appointed Assistant Chaplain to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, but resigned in 1862; and from 1868 to 1876 held the office of Precentor of the Canterbury Diocesan Choral Union. Among his publications are many works on zoology, some of which are specially adapted for young readers. These include "A Popular Natural History," "Sketches and Anecdotes of Animal Life," "The Boy's Own Natural History Book," and "My Feathered Friends, or Bird-Life." He also produced a series of entertaining handbooks, comprising "Common Objects of the Seashore," "Common Objects of the Country," "Common Objects of the Microscope," and "Common Shells of the Seashore"; followed by "Common Moths of England," "Common Beetles of England," and "Glimpses into Petland," all fully illustrated. Among his smaller works are "Homes Without Hands," "Insects at Home," and "Our Garden Friends and Foes." The most important book that Mr. Wood wrote was his larger "Natural History," in three volumes, with a number of admirable sketches, some of them from the life, by artists of repute as animal painters. Mr. Wood edited for some time the *Boys' Own Magazine*, which contained much of his writing; and prepared a series of natural history readings for schools published in 1882. In 1879 he projected a series of "Sketch Lectures" on zoology, illustrating them himself by drawings in coloured pastels on a large canvas. These lectures have been delivered in all the principal institutes of England and Scotland.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, at the Crystal Palace.

H.M.S. SANSPAREIL AT SEA.

Ironclads in stormy weather form the subject of another illustration presented this week. The Sanspareil is a sister-ship to H.M.S. Victoria, the new flag-ship of the Mediterranean Squadron. These ships carry two 110-ton guns, in one turret, at the fore-part; they produce a considerable wave at the bows. Our correspondent, who was on board the Sanspareil going at full speed above Chatham, being furnished with a Kodak detective camera, took instantaneous photographs of the fore-part of the ship, from the base of the turret. When the ship was going with the wind, full speed, about 16½ knots an hour, with a very slight breeze, the sea being quite calm, the bow wave came only a little above the level of the upper deck, which had but a couple of inches of water on it. But in going against the wind, the bow wave rose four or five feet higher, up to the breakwater in front of the turret. Another photograph shows this water pouring off over the anchor on the port side of the ship.

COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL.

On Thursday, March 7, a collision occurred in the Channel, some miles south of the Owers light-ship, off Bognor. The damaged ship is the Vandalia, a barque of 1420 tons, belonging to St. John's, New Brunswick, and bound from New York to London, with a cargo of petroleum. The Vandalia was proceeding up Channel, when, about one o'clock in the morning, she was run into on the port bow by a large steamer bound down Channel. The Vandalia's bows were completely stove in, and she appeared to be sinking rapidly. The boats had a rough time of it in endeavouring to reach land, but landed the captain and crew of eighteen men at Bognor. One man, who was killed, was an American, known as "Frank." The Vandalia did not sink when abandoned, but drifted on, in a waterlogged condition, to Brighton, where she grounded off the bottom of West-street, about a mile out, two Shoreham tugs being then near her. Almost immediately on grounding the vessel's decks began to burst up, and casks of petroleum were thrown out by the action of the sea. These casks were washed on to the beach between the West Pier and the Brighton Coastguard Station. A crowd of men and youths assisted to roll them high upon the beach, to prevent their being sucked back to sea again at ebb tide. Our illustration is from a Sketch by Mr. R. A. Niffs, of Brighton.

The great Ice Carnival at the Royal Albert Hall was opened on March 14 by the Duchess of Teck.

In London 2698 births and 1637 deaths were registered for the week ending March 9. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 261, and the deaths 286 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

Earl Compton, the Gladstonian candidate, has been elected member of Parliament for the Barnsley Division of Yorkshire, in place of Mr. C. S. Kenny (Gladstonian), retired; the numbers polled being—Earl Compton, 6332; Mr. Bruce Wentworth (Conservative), 3781.

It has been officially notified that the annual prize-meeting of the National Rifle Association will this year, by permission of the Commander-in-Chief, be held at Wimbledon-common, as on previous occasions, and that the meeting will in all probability open on July 8.

FINANCIAL PANIC IN PARIS.

The crisis in the affairs of the Comptoir d'Escompte, a great discounting and banking establishment in Paris, and the run of alarmed depositors to withdraw their money during several days following the suicide of the manager, M. Denfert-Rochereau, on Tuesday, March 5, excited something like consternation in the French business world. There was a meeting of directors that day, before which an altercation arose between the manager and M. Hentsch, the chairman; M. Denfert-Rochereau left the office in the Rue Bergère, bought a pistol, went home, wrote a letter to a friend, and shot himself through the head. He was cousin to the Colonel of that name who successfully defended Belfort in 1870. He was fifty-three years of age, and entered the Comptoir d'Escompte more than thirty years ago, working his way up steadily until he had reached the position of manager, a post which can only be filled with the approval of the French Government. His ability, honesty, and thorough knowledge of business had rendered him invaluable to his predecessors—M. Pinard, who died during the Franco-German war, and M. Girod, who left the Comptoir to join the banking firm of André. He married, in 1872, the daughter of M. Pinard, but was left a widower, with two children. Since 1871 there had been no important financial business negotiated in Paris in which the manager of the Comptoir d'Escompte had not given his advice and his aid. In the recent affairs of that establishment, he had not acted without the knowledge and approval of the board of directors, whose chairman is also a member of the board of the Société des Métaux. But M. Denfert-Rochereau was a man of great sensitiveness. The load which the syndicate has to carry, and for which the Comptoir d'Escompte is said to have to an important extent lent its credit, seems to have been too much for him, and the idea that this credit should be called in question pressed sorely upon his mind.

It is alleged that the immediate occasion of the dispute which drove M. Denfert-Rochereau to despair was a telegram from the Russian Government, requiring the Comptoir d'Escompte, which contracted for the last Russian loan, to hand over the remaining balance, 30,000,000*fr.*, to another bank. The Comptoir d'Escompte was in extreme difficulties, owing to the extravagant way in which it had embarked in the copper speculation. It had 31,000,000*fr.* of copper in warehouse. It had also advanced 73,000,000*fr.* as a second mortgage, at the price of £44. In other words, its whole capital and reserve were embarked, one-third in copper and two-thirds in second mortgages on copper. It had, moreover, guaranteed for two years the contracts of the Rio Tinto, Tharsis, and Cape Copper mines, and it had engaged to take 80,000 tons of copper from £60 to £65, in case the Société des Métaux did not do so—an engagement impossible of fulfilment by either concern. The copper syndicate holds at least 160,000 tons of copper, which

have cost £10,000,000, and are dispersed and mortgaged in all parts of the world. It has two years' contracts, amounting to 200,000 or 300,000 tons, which cannot be got rid of or paid. The winding-up of the Comptoir d'Escompte seems inevitable, the Bank of France having taken all its assets as guarantee for the advance of 100,000,000*fr.* The shares of the Comptoir have fallen in ten days from 1000*fr.* to 350*fr.*, those of the Société des Métaux to 100*fr.*, and Rio Tinto to 325*fr.* These events will certainly make a deep impression, and confidence will be for a long time shaken.

THE FLOODS IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

The heavy rains and snowfalls of the week ending March 9 caused extensive floods both in the Midland and Western shires; but at Bristol and Exeter, and at Taunton, in Somersetshire, on the Bristol and Exeter line of the Great Western Railway, the inundation was most troublesome, especially on the Friday and Saturday, doing great damage to property in those towns, as well as in the agricultural districts of Somersetshire and Devonshire. The Bristol eastern suburb, called Eastville, was under water so deep that a tram-car, which had got off the rails and could not be moved, became nearly submerged. Our illustration, from a photograph by Mr. Walter Norgrove, of Cotham, Bristol, shows the scene on the Saturday afternoon at Eastville, with the Black Swan inn, an old gabled building. Taunton was visited by one of our Artists,

whose train, in going thither, was obliged, on the line between Durston and Creech, to be drawn by three engines through a piece of water, throwing up waves in front of the locomotive, like those produced by the bows of a steam-boat, for a space of a quarter of a mile. The first train that tried to get through had its engine-fires put out by the water, and traffic was stopped except for the mails. A fire-engine was brought down on a truck to pump away the water at this place. In the town of Taunton, the lower parts, especially Bridge-street and Northtown, were flooded to a depth of from 2 ft. to above 5 ft., rising over the lower windows of some houses. Vans and omnibuses were unable to pass through the streets; the whole valley of the river Tone was overflowed; and to add to the disaster, a great fire broke out in the woodyard of Messrs. Pollard, dealers in building materials, where the fire-engines could not get near, the ground adjacent being under deep water. It was a proof of the adage that "Fire and water are good servants, but bad masters." Our Artist's Sketches of these illustrations of these scenes at Taunton. We are not aware that there was any loss of human life, but many cattle, sheep, and other animals were drowned.

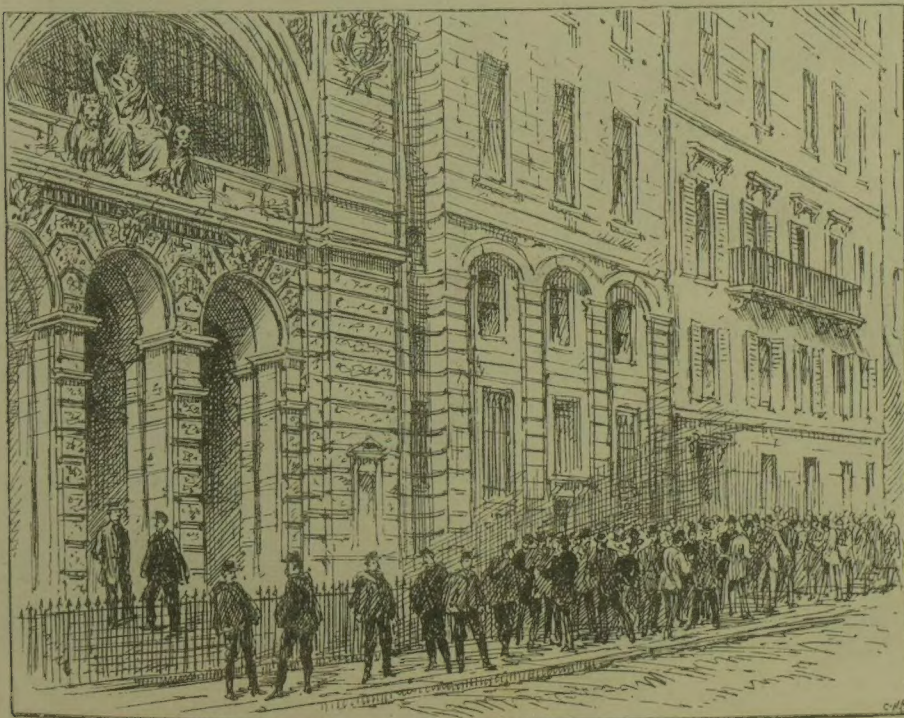
In the valley of the Exe, the inundation was scarcely less disturbing and destructive. The suburb of St. Thomas, at Exeter, and parts of the city opposite, on the banks of that river, were overflowed; and some of the villages on the Clyst, which joins the Exe at Topsham, suffered considerably. At Tavistock, beyond Dartmoor, the rising of the Tamar and the Tavy produced similar inconvenience and much loss of property. A great storm raged in the Forest of Dean district. Rain and snow had fallen for forty hours without intermission, and the cold wind blew from the north. Floods were prevalent along the vale from Gloucester down the Severn side; at Newnham, Lydney, and other places, the streets were flooded, and many houses were abandoned by their inmates. In North Warwickshire rain fell heavily and continuously, and the rivers and watercourses overflowed; immense tracts of land were under water. A portion of the line of railway between Nuneaton and Ashby was under water. A continuous downpour for forty-eight hours in Leicestershire produced most disastrous results. Many houses in Leicester were flooded. Snow fell incessantly in Monmouthshire, and in some places was a foot deep. Snow fell steadily for seven hours in Cheshire and North Wales.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Sir Julian Pouncefote, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., as her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States.

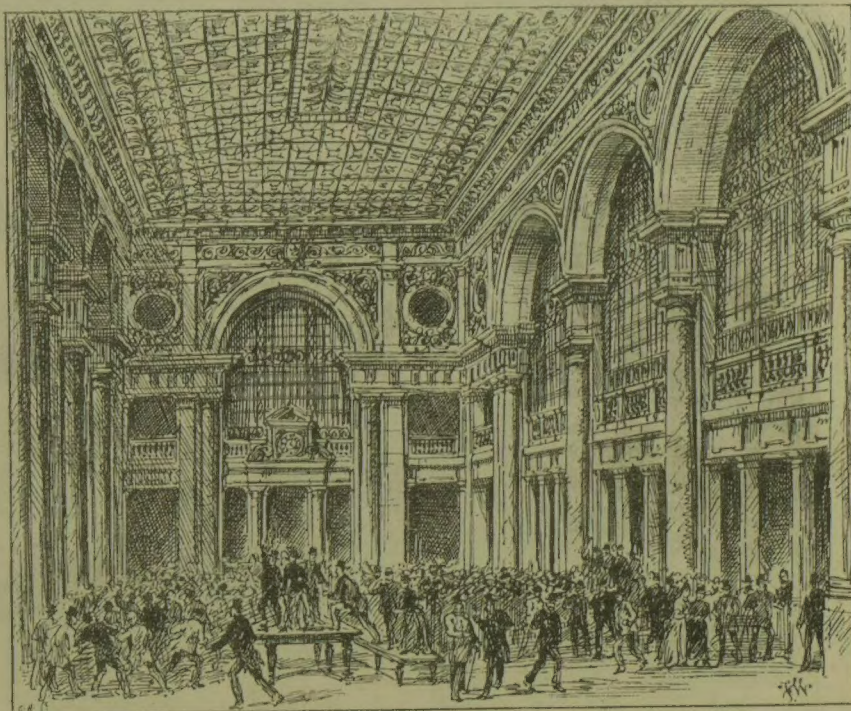
The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and the Marchioness of Londonderry returned to Dublin on March 11 from London, and in the afternoon they visited the exhibition of the Water-Colour Society of Ireland in the Leinster Lecture Hall, Molesworth-street, which they formally opened.



THE LATE M. DENFERT-ROCHEREAU, MANAGER OF THE COMPTOIR D'ESCOMPTE, PARIS.

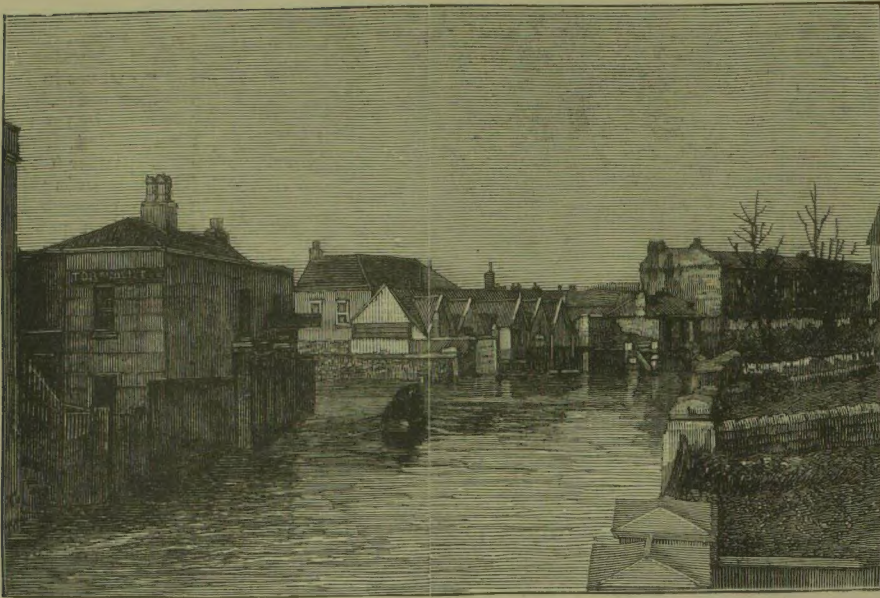


CROWD IN THE RUE BERGERE.

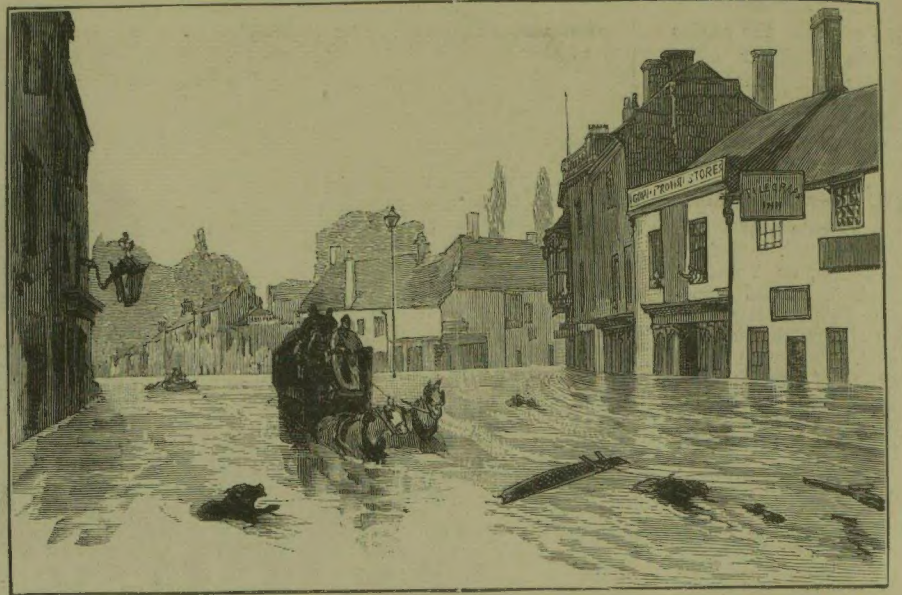


DEPOSITORS IN THE HALL OF THE COMPTOIR D'ESCOMPTE SEEKING THEIR MONEY.

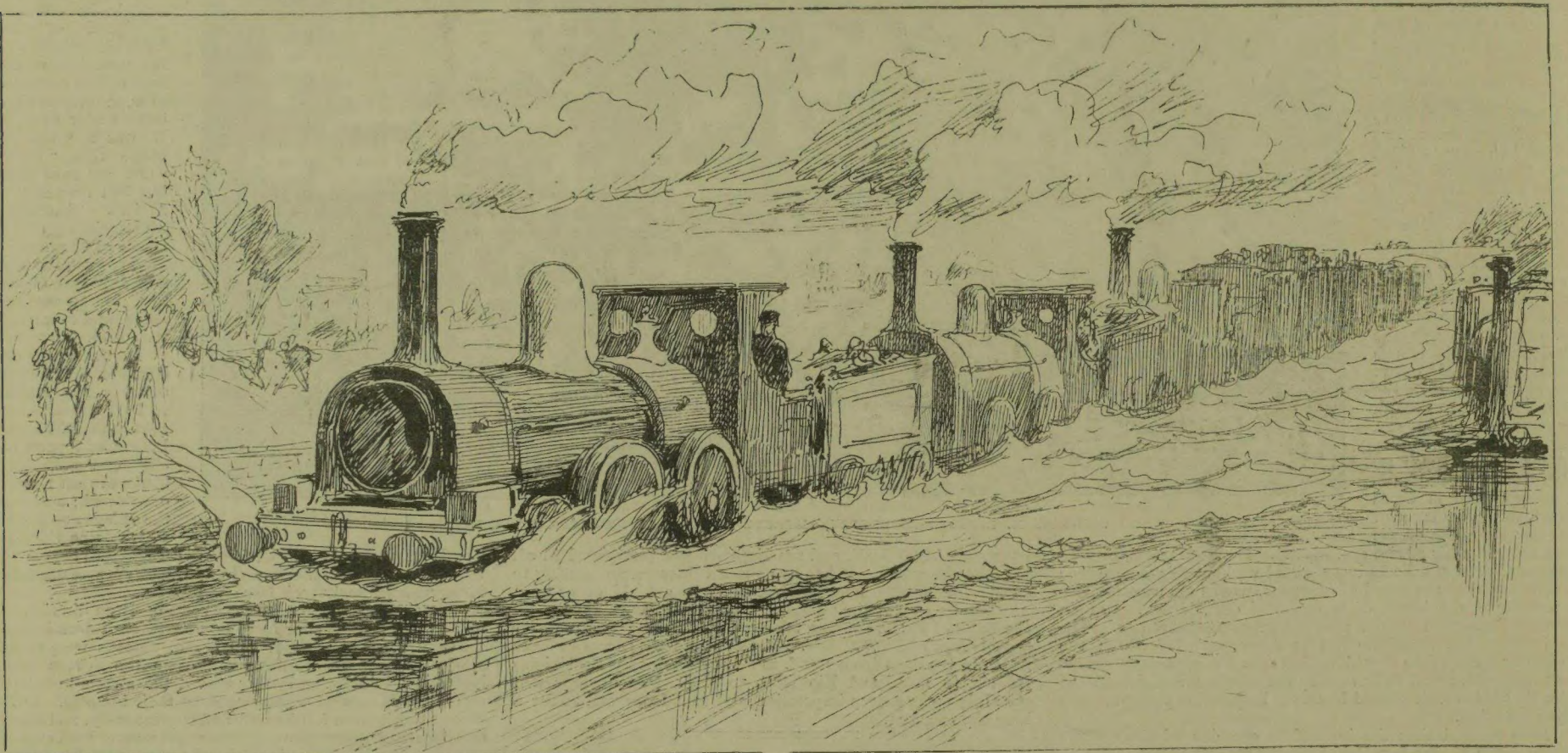
THE FLOODS IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.



THE BLACK SWAN, EASTVILLE, BRISTOL.



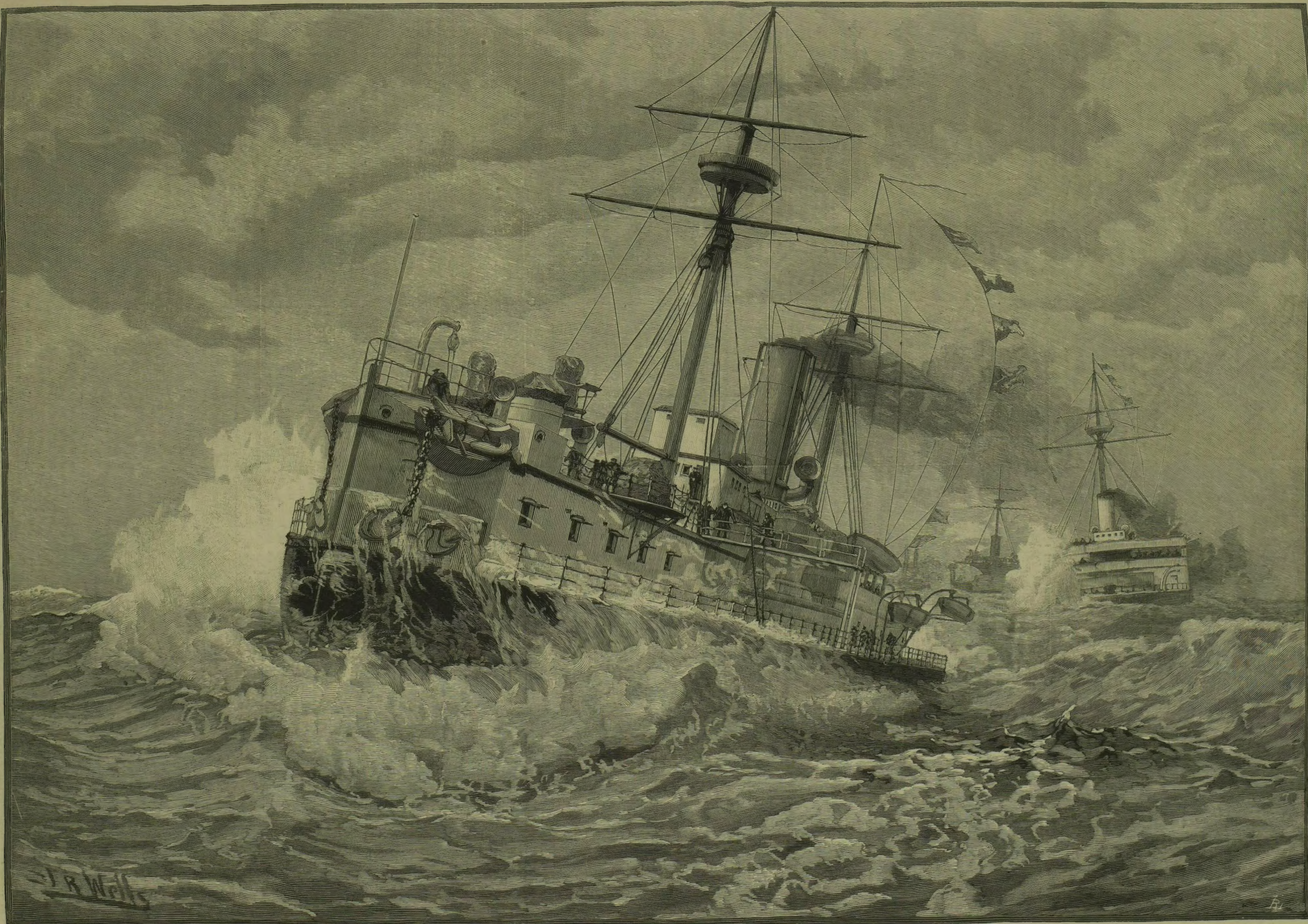
BRIDGE-STREET, NORTH TOWN, TAUNTON.



BRISTOL AND EXETER RAILWAY FLOODED AT CREECH, NEAR TAUNTON.



FIRE AND WATER: BURNING OF POLLARD'S WORKS, TAUNTON, ON THE NIGHT OF THE FLOODS.



IRONCLADS IN STORMY WEATHER.

IRONCLADS IN A STORM.

The behaviour of large ironclad war-ships in rough weather at sea is an important consideration for the British Royal Navy, which in time of need may be called upon to dispatch such vessels, with adverse gales, down the Channel and across the Bay of Biscay, or to the west and north coasts of Ireland. The manoeuvres practised in the summer and autumn months are not a sufficient test; and the winter cruises of the Training Squadron and of the Channel Squadron are regarded as of essential importance to keep up the standard of seamanship in the officers and crews, and to prove how these ships can be handled against strong winds and heavy seas. Our Illustration of this subject has more than ordinary interest when her Majesty's Government proposes the building of a large additional number of great ironclads; and it is a point noticed by Lord Brassey, in his "Naval Annual," quoting the remarks of M. Weyl, who, in his "La Marine Anglaise," expressed his regret that the French fleet in the Mediterranean did not manoeuvre in the winter. History teaches us, by the example of the Spanish Armada and by those of many naval conflicts in the French wars, that the uncertain weather on our shores has often been the best ally of England in her defence; and it is admitted that this rule holds good, to a certain extent, in the age of steam navigation. An unseaworthy fleet, however great its fighting power, could not guard the British Islands, much less protect their maritime commerce. The peculiar difficulties of navigation in rough weather, at every season of the year, in the Channel, the Atlantic, the Irish Sea, and the North Sea and German Ocean, must be kept in mind by the designers of our Navy, and must be rendered familiar to those who are to command the ships. It is to be hoped that the experience of this kind lately gained by eminent naval officers will be embodied in reports which may undergo careful examination at the Admiralty, and may supply information to Parliament with reference to the scheme lately propounded for the increase of the British Navy.

NOVELS.

The Twilight of the Gods, and other Tales. By Richard Garnett (T. Fisher Unwin).—The very flower of refined literary culture, enjoyed by a certain standard of educated taste more readily than by the popular appetite for fiction, is to be found in some exercises of allusive wit and satirical pleasantry, affording new and humorous versions of the discredited marvels of antiquity. It is not the vein of poetry—such graceful prose-writing as Dr. Garnett's is fitter than verse for this purpose; it is not burlesque, for its tone is that of ironical seriousness; nor is it mere parody, in tales which, like these, are perfectly original in design. This treatment of the perverted features of a depraved and corrupt mythology, as playthings of the fancy in a sceptical or philosophical age, in romantic parables tending to illustrate the common experiences of mankind, is sometimes ascribed to "the modern spirit." But a modern spirit essentially the same has been exhibited in like manner again and again; by Aristophanes, in one age of Greek literature, and by Lucian, in another, as well as by Voltaire, Wieland, Goethe, and Heine, and now by Dr. Garnett. Exploded imaginative superstitions, when they have become sufficiently vulgarised and degraded by the loss of all belief and the general recognition of their fabulous origin, afford materials for the humourist who would gently ridicule and banter the foolish race of imperfectly rational creatures to which we all belong. Heine's "Gods in Exile," though a slight essay, was based on the whimsical idea, which some monkish lovers of Virgil and Ovid cherished in the Middle Ages, that Jupiter and Apollo and Minerva, Mars, Vulcan, and Venus, and the other interesting deities of Olympus, possibly survived as Demons in a sequestered abode on earth, not keeping company with Satan, Beelzebub, and the malignant Devils of Hebrew Scripture. Traces of this fond imagination may be detected in Dante, and even in Milton. It is fair game for the accomplished scholar who has a faculty of fantastic invention, and who contrives to entertain us with the comic side of human follies and weaknesses, oddly relieved by the apparition of those fallen supernatural personages, now reduced to vagabond poverty, hiding or skulking about Christendom, or lurking in the by-ways of Islam, stripped of their Homeric glory. This is "the Twilight of the Gods," a state of affairs quite different from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" of the Nibelung cycle; and Dr. Garnett, in his first brief story, narrating the release of the sublime Æschylean Titan, Prometheus, from his secular captivity on the cliff of Caucasus, to be the guest of a Greek Christian community in the fourth century A.D., exactly hits the mark. Prometheus, though utterly ignorant of the new religious doctrine, yet being still an avowed enemy of Zeus, is hailed as an ally of the Church; the Bishop makes much of his presence, and it is only by the aid of a wise maiden, who has studied the ancient classics of Greece, that he escapes from a false position. In this, we suspect, there is an allegory concerning the strained and forced attempts of some orthodox teachers, at different periods, to reconcile the ancient religious ideas with those of Christianity; but the reader may draw his own conclusion. Ecclesiastical authorities of every dispensation, Pagan, Mohammedan, and Catholic, are impartially satirised in the wide range of these clever and amusing tales; while the pedantry and sophistry of professional philosophers, the capricious wantonness of tyrants and despotic princes, the servility and infidelity of courtiers and sycophantic politicians, are not less severely exposed than the frauds of the priesthood. History, taking that of Gibbon alone, will no doubt supply abundant examples of all these vices in the ruling and leading classes of Europe and Asia down to the Protestant Reformation, since which everybody ought to have been honest; but Dr. Garnett, though himself the most candid and amiable of men, does not portray a single specimen of positive virtue in either sex of his species. There are men and women, certainly, who do not cheat or usurp what belongs to their neighbours, and who are apt to suffer for their simplicity; the world, however, is prompted by greed, by vanity or envy, and by selfish timidity, in all its movements, which are controlled by force and cunning. This is the true pessimism of conventional satire, and the very antithesis of true poetry or romance; but may be taken now and then as a salutary alternative, or cooling draught, to moderate enthusiastic inflammation. Heroism, self-devotion, and religious faith, if sincere, though consecrated by Eubulides, the former priest of Apollo, henceforth directly "to the service of Humanity," will not be discouraged by the exhibition of past errors and attendant crimes. Allowing such justification, we can freely enjoy and admire Dr. Garnett's volume for its rare literary merits, the bright and vivid fancies, the insinuating play of fine wit, the delicate touches of humour, which shine on every page, the brisk succession of incidents, and the adroitness of repartee in dialogue, which few recent novelists have equalled. The Greek and Roman tales, dealing especially with the associations of classical mythology, "The Twilight of the Gods," "The City of Philosophers," "The Dumb Oracle," and "The Poet of Panopolis," mingled with or conflicting with the influences of the Eastern Church, are perhaps the most fortunate in their

subjects. "The Potion of Lao-Tsze" is, of course, a Chinese story; "Abdallah the Adite" is Arabian; "Ananda, the Miracle-worker," is a tale of Indian Buddhists and Brahmins; "The Cup-bearer" belongs to the Byzantine Court; while "The Purple Head" and "The Elixir of Life" take us to Persia, and to Balh, in Central Asia. But several other stories, not inferior in piquancy, recall the grotesque superstitions of the Middle Ages. Their ludicrous personal Devil, called Satan, Lucifer, or Mephistopheles, occasionally walks to and fro, either in his satyr-shape with horns, tail, and cloven hoof, or in the disguise of a fashionable gentleman, of a monk, or even of a Pope. These drolleries have grown rather stale, like witchcraft, necromancy, and other bad dreams of the night of gloomy ignorance; yet they are made available by the comic artist. The merry friars who once catered for popular fun had an edifying purpose in their tales of how often the sly Fiend was outwitted by the shrewdness of wary Saints, in his frequent practice of time-bargains for the purchase of an immortal soul. A hen-pecked Lucifer, running away from his termagant wife in Hell, might seem an effectual warning against the eternal abode of wickedness. To the zealous and libellous assailants of the vernal hierarchy in those times may also be attributed such audacious fictions as that of "The Demon Pope," and that of the unscrupulous rivalry of "Bishop Addo and Bishop Gaddo." Even deceased saints, continuing to haunt the church precincts of this questionable world, are not exempt from common weaknesses and meannesses, as we see in the local history of "The Bell of St. Eusemion." The singular Italian legend of the citizens of Mantua electing Virgil for their Duke or Podestà is turned by Dr. Garnett to diverting account. His collection of such various fables, gathered from the general borderland of satire making sport with the imagination of miracle, is a clever literary performance, with the flavour of genuine scholarship, and with a charming air of grave urbanity that is seductive to the most fastidious reader.

Major Lawrence, F.L.S. By the Hon. Emily Lawless (John Murray).—The authoress of "Hurrish," a story of pathetic interest judiciously representing the trials and social perils of Irish peasant life, has in this novel applied her powerful faculty of conceiving individual characters to a subject not at first sight very attractive, from the romantic point of view, but which soon engages considerate sympathy and moral esteem. It is that of faithful and protecting friendship, on the part of a middle-aged man free from domestic ties, for a lady twenty years less in age, whom he has known from her childhood, and for whom he cherishes a pure and unselfish affection. The hero, John Lawrence, of the Indian Army, is an enthusiastic zoological student of specialties in the structure of marine animals, to which pursuit he devotes the leisure months of his furlough at a cottage that he owns on the Devonshire coast. His neighbour, Lady Mordaunt, has a young grand-daughter staying with her, Lady Eleanor, whose father, Lord Helyersdale, is in pecuniary straits and somewhat remiss in his family duties. The girl, when hardly twelve years old, frank and high-spirited, escaping the rule of a governess, delights in the wonders of the sea-shore, and looks up to Major Lawrence as her guide and tutor. He returns to India for five years; after which, being suddenly called home again by family affairs, he finds her engaged to marry a young man named Algernon Cathers, whom he remembers as a boy. Algernon is the spoilt only son of a rich manufacturer's widow, now an elegant, idle, untrustworthy gentleman of fastidious tastes and fascinating manners, but selfish and unprincipled, though Eleanor is blind to his faults. This marriage is soon completed, both Major Lawrence and Lady Mordaunt regretting it deeply, but having no power to interfere. Up to this time, it is evident, the sentiments of Lawrence towards the interesting girl are quite unmixed with any wish to gain her for himself. There is another period of absence in India, a second term of five or six years, during which he learns nothing positive of Eleanor's married life. All these earlier passages of their history, filling half the book, are merely preparatory to the main action. This commences on the second return of Colonel Lawrence to Europe; he has attained that rank, has been invalided, and is now forty-five years of age. Lady Eleanor Cathers, who would be about twenty-five, with her husband and two little children, is staying at Genoa, their ordinary residence being at Mentone. They are met at Genoa by her old friend Colonel Lawrence. He presently observes, to his profound grief and indignation, that she is a very unhappy, though a most dutiful and devoted wife. Algernon Cathers, wearied of his self-indulgence in every costly whim and luxury, and declining rapidly in health, is not only irritable and petulant, but a malicious domestic tyrant. He is continually sneering at his wife's principles and sentiments, disparaging her constant tenderness, and tormenting her maternal feelings by his mischievous treatment of the children. This is part of a system of vindictive cruelty adopted by him in consequence of her having resented his shameless intrigue with a bold and bad French governess, Mlle. Riaz, whom he has forced her to allow in their house. Colonel Lawrence does not know all the facts, and hears no complaint from Lady Eleanor of her husband's behaviour. But, seeing that she is deeply suffering, that she has no friend, man or woman, to help and comfort her, and that she needs the support and counsel of one whom she can trust, he accompanies the family party to Spezia, to Pisa, to Viareggio, and to the well-known summer retreat in the hill country of Lucca. Meanwhile, Mr. Cathers, though far advanced in consumption, and doomed to a premature death, shows his malignant disposition worse than ever. This is not a cheerful situation. We may hope for a speedy end to the false-hearted and cowardly egotist; but his noble wife, forgiving every insult and injury, spends her fine spirit in the task of duty and the absorbing emotion of pity that immediately demands her care. She is utterly unconscious of the ardent love, mingled with sacred reverence, which John Lawrence begins to feel, and which he manfully restrains, being a hero of simple integrity, lonely in heart, a lone exile from society, an honest and brave soldier, a lover of truth and nature, self-denying in the whole tenor of his life. Some readers may find the development of such relations between man and woman rather dull; others will like it better than any common love-story. The trial is severe, and the tale is but slightly relieved by lesser incidents, by truthful descriptions of places on the Riviera and in Italy, and of the manners of the people, or by the artless prattle of a child, little Jan, who was lost on the night when the village inn was burnt down, and who was found quietly asleep in a bathing-machine. The wretched fool Algernon, after lingering several months, dies in the Lucca highlands, and the others come home to Devonshire, when his fond and foolish mother becomes insane, and does not long survive. Lady Eleanor, after her due mourning, devotes herself to the guardianship of a large property left to her infant son. John Lawrence, even then, does not ask her to marry him, but tells her, before he starts for India once more, that she is the only woman he could ever love. The disparity of their ages, somehow, no longer seems to be important, now that she is a widow and has borne so great a burden of sorrows. Yet we are left in doubt whether she

will finally consent to be the wife of John Lawrence. There is a type of womanly character to whose feelings a second husband is ever unacceptable, while she blames only herself for a mistaken choice of her first.

A Dreamer of Dreams. By the Author of "Thoth" (W. Blackwood and Sons).—Idealism in conception, with a mystical tendency, and refinement of style, have gained some notice for the singular fictions of this new writer. The present tale is called "a Modern Romance," unlike that of "Thoth," the magical ruler of the secluded Utopia in remote and ancient Egypt, where an immortal dynasty of philosophers doomed women to perpetual degradation. A young University Don at Cambridge, Henry Newman, is the rash and presumptuous "Dreamer," courting sleep full of glorious and luxurious visions by the aid of drugs scientifically mingled in his wine. If he does not at once go to the devil, as might be expected, the devil comes to him; a very modern devil, of course, in the disguise of "Mr. Smith," a London solicitor, to counsel and aid him in the perpetration of crime. There is a splendid fortune, the two millions sterling which novelists so easily put on the table, left by Henry Newman's uncle, a rich stock-broker with a stone-cold heart. It is believed that Henry's cousin Stephen, who should have inherited this big heap of money, and who was a rather feeble and ungainly youth, has died in South Africa. Henry, therefore, exults, for one day only, in the prospect of enjoying vast wealth, and of converting all his voluptuous dreams into realities, with unrestrained indulgence of sensual fantasy. The abuse of narcotics and intoxicants has so affected his brain that he scarcely distinguishes the imaginary from the actual experiences of the twenty-four hours; and while he supposes himself to have been sojourning in Paris, in Italy, or at Damascus, or at Bagdad, surrounded with the means of pleasure, he is still in his college rooms, or goes no farther abroad than to row down the Cam and visit a friend's house beyond Ely. On his return from such a brief expedition, in which he has had an interview with Una Armitage, the pure-souled maiden whom he ought to love, this eccentric Fellow and Tutor finds his cousin Stephen alive and awaiting him, in a desperate plight. Having killed a Chinaman, he has escaped from prison, and is a starving outlaw. Being now apprised of the immense inheritance which he dares not claim, he offers half of it to Henry, as the price of protection. One who does not know much about spending millions would think a man like Henry, not being a family man, could do pretty well with one million in mere self-gratification during his single life. But Henry, leaving supper and wine for his cousin, goes to stroll in the quadrangle and meditate his decision. He presently remembers a glass of his own drugged potion, which is enough to kill Stephen, a few sips only being safe to take. It occurs to him that Stephen might as well die, for he would be a bore and a burthen; and Henry would rather keep the two millions for himself. With this egotistic intention, he lounges outside until morning; then re-enters his rooms, and finds his cousin apparently dead. Henry sips his accustomed sleeping-mixture, and incontinently dreams of a Satanic visitant, in modern guise, who instructs him what to do. The corpse is so arranged as to appear that of an unknown thief, who has accidentally poisoned himself; and an inquest is duly held. In the further course of dreaming, Henry Newman, the Faust of this cunning Mephistopheles, proves the unsatisfying nature of unbounded riches, power, and pleasure, while he is tormented by the dreadful ghost of Stephen. The devil, after a while, consents to release him on condition of his giving away the money—one million to Dr. Rae, an enthusiastic Darwinian scientist, who must give up scientific labours; the other million to the Rev. Clement Armitage, a devoted missionary priest, who must distribute it among the poor. For the devil is well aware that both these excellent persons will destroy their own souls, or, at any rate, the souls of other people, by their improper use of the money. Henry is also required to destroy the soul of Una by winning her to love him, as he is conscious of being a murderer. These are nice performances to dream of, the temporal and eternal ruin of one's best friends at the instigation of the plausible Fiend. But Henry Newman awakes, to see his cousin still alive, to greet Rae and Clement Armitage coming to visit him, and to hear news from South Africa by which his cousin's reputation is cleared. He then gets his share of the large fortune, rows down the river, sees Una, who loves him, as he once saved her from drowning, secures her hand for life, and, forswearing narcotic visions, becomes a happy man. To our mind, this is a silly story; but from the literary grace of its style, and the reputation of its author's preceding work, it is likely to be read. Some curiosity is still prevalent with regard to the manners of the Infernal Tempter of mankind; and that overrated personage, the Mephistopheles of Goethe, is surpassed by Mr. Smith in his polite malice and supernatural cunning.

The Dead Leman, and other Tales from the French. By Andrew Lang and Paul Sylvester (Swan, Sonnenschein, and Co.).—In choosing and naming the titlepiece of this collection, Mr. Andrew Lang, though a scholar of some repute, hardly shows good taste and judgment. Théophile Gautier may be notable as a literary artist; but his cloying luscious style, not easily rendered in English, and the sickly gleaming hues of his fancies, which in "La Morte Amoureuse" are like the glitter of imaginative putrefaction, do not merit being ranked as an example. This tale of a wanton female vampire shifting between her bed and her grave, and sucking the blood of her priestly lover, might well be spared. French writers are certainly clever in short stories, and several in this small volume are better worth reading, though it is better, if at all, to read them in French. "A Conversion," which is the case of a dying Huguenot maiden, who has silently cherished a hopeless love for the austere young Catholic parish clergyman, and confesses it in the few days before her death, is purely pathetic. Edmond About's bright and amusing story of middle-class Parisian life, "These Lots to be Sold," has the robustness of Thackeray, and is conceived in wholesome daylight. The same praise cannot be given to either Prosper Mérimée's "Etruscan Vase," or Balzac's "Doctor's Story," in both of which a lady of rank, dwelling in a secluded rural mansion, is supposed to indulge in disgraceful intrigues; the lover of Madame De Coursy gets himself killed in a duel, and the young Spaniard admitted by Madame De Merret perishes in a closet, walled up by order of her vindictive husband. Balzac's story is, of course, told with masterly power; and the introductory description of the old house, deserted, shut up, and left to decay in gloomy silence, is a finely drawn picture, by which romantic curiosity is excited. Nevertheless, we fail to perceive the value of these tales in the way of dramatic passion and action, while there is a want of originality, as well as of consistency and likelihood, both in the incidents and in the characters, which enfeebles the substantial effect. "The Taper," a Russian peasant story, by Tolstoi, and the brief account of French soldiers storming a Russian redoubt, have far more the air of reality than those fantastic fictions of corrupt society, in which the French popular novelists superfluously abound. Mr. Lang, in his introduction, expresses regret that the English publishing system of three-volume novels discourages the writing of short tales.



1. I shall never marry a man who plays golf
Nelly & I were watching little Mr. Jones—
Nelly's fiancé—playing the other day.
Nelly said something to me as he was taking aim

3. Then he tried
another shot

2 'I wish you wouldn't talk,' he said quite irritably, 'it puts me off'

4. 'Whispering's
worse than
talking out
loud,' he said
angrily, 'it's
impossible
for me to
play unless
you hold
your
tongues'

5. He wasn't a
bit more successful
next time

6. If you don't stop that
giggling!—he
began—but we weren't going to
stand that.

Cyril Hallward. 88.

CLEOPATRA:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENGEANCE OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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CHAPTER XIII.

OF THE WORDS AND JEALOUSY OF CHARMION; OF THE LAUGHTER OF HARMACHIS; OF THE MAKING READY FOR THE DEED OF BLOOD; AND OF THE MESSAGE OF THE OLD WIFE, ATOUA.



stood still, plunged in thought. Then by hazard as it were I took up the wreath of roses and looked thereon. How long I stood so I know not, but when next I lifted up my eyes they fell upon the form of Charmion, whom, indeed, I had altogether forgotten. And though at the moment I thought but little of it, I noted vaguely that she was

flushed as though with anger, and that she beat her foot upon the floor.

"Oh, it is thou, Charmion!" I said. "What ails thee? Art thou cramped with standing so long within thy hiding-place? Why didst thou not slip hence when Cleopatra led me to the balcony?"

"Where is my kerchief?" she asked, shooting an angry glance at me. "I let fall my brodered kerchief."

"Thy kerchief!—why, didst thou not see? Cleopatra twitted me about it, and I hung it from the balcony."

"Yea, I saw," answered the girl, "I saw but too well. Thou didst fling away my kerchief, but the wreath of roses—that thou wouldst not fling away. It was 'a Queen's gift,' forsooth, and therefore the Royal Harmachis, the Priest of Isis, the chosen of the Gods, the crowned Pharaoh wed to the weal of Khem, cherished it and saved it. But my kerchief, stung by the laughter of that light Queen, he cast away!"

"What meanest thou?" I asked, astonished at her bitter tone. "I read not thy riddles."

"What mean I?" she answered, tossing up her head and showing the white curves of her throat. "Nay, I mean naught or all, take it as thou wilt. Wouldst know what I mean, Harmachis, my cousin and my Lord?" she went on in a hard, low voice. "Behold, I will tell thee—thou art in danger of the great offence. This Cleopatra hath cast her fatal wiles about thee, and thou goest near to loving her, Harmachis—to loving her whom to-morrow thou must slay! Aye, stand and stare at that wreath within thy hand—the wreath thou couldst not send to join my kerchief—sure Cleopatra wore it but to-night! The perfume of the hair of Caesar's mistress—Caesar's and others'—yet mingles with the odour of its roses! Now, prithee, Harmachis, how far didst thou carry the matter on yonder balcony? for in that hole where I lay hid I could not hear or see. 'Tis a sweet spot for lovers, is it not?—aye, and a sweet night, too? Venus is surely in the right ascension?"

And all of this she said so quietly and in so soft and modest a way, though her words were not modest, and yet so bitterly, that every syllable cut me to the heart, and angered me till I could find no speech.

"Of a truth thou hast a wise economy," she went on, seeing her advantage: "to-night thou dost kiss the lips that to-morrow thou shalt still for ever! 'Tis frugal dealing with the occasion of the moment; aye, worthy and honourable dealing!"

Then at last I broke forth. "Girl," I cried, "how darest thou speak thus to me? Mindest thou who and what I am that thou loostest thy peevish gibes upon me?"

"I mind what it behoves thee to be," she answered quick. "What thou art, that I mind not now. Surely thou knowest alone—thou and Cleopatra!"

"What meanest thou?" I said. "Am I to blame if the Queen?"

"The Queen! what have we here? Pharaoh owns a Queen!"

"If Cleopatra wills to come hither of a night and talk"—"Of stars, Harmachis—surely of stars and roses, and naught beside!"

After that I know not what I said; for, troubled as I was, the girl's bitter tongue and quiet way drove me wellnigh to madness. But this I know: I spoke so fiercely that she cowered before me as she had cowered before my uncle Sepa when he rated her because of her Grecian garb. And as she wept then so she wept now, only more passionately and with great sobs.

At length I ceased, half-shamed but still angry and smarting sorely. For even while she wept she could find a tongue to answer with—and a woman's shafts are sharp.

"Thou shouldst not speak to me thus!" she sobbed; "it is cruel—it is unmanly! But I forget thou art but a priest, not a man—except, mayhap, for Cleopatra!"

"What right hast thou?" I said. "What canst thou mean?"

"What right have I?" she asked, looking up, her dark eyes all afood with tears that ran down her sweet face like the dew of morning down a lily's heart. "What right have I? O Harmachis! art thou blind? Dost thou not know by what right I speak thus to thee? Then must I tell thee. Well, 'tis the fashion in Alexandria! By that first and holy right of woman—by the right of the great love I bear thee, and which, it seems, thou hast no eyes to see—by the right of my glory and my shame. Oh, be not wrath with me, Harmachis, nor set me down as light, because the truth at last has burst from me; for I am not so. I am what thou wilt make me. I am the wax within the moulder's hands, and as thou dost fashion me so shall I be. There breathes within me now a breath of glory blowing across the waters of my soul, that can wait me to ends more noble than ever I have dreamed afore, if thou wilt be my pilot and my guide. But if I lose thee, then lose I all that holds me from my worse self—and let shipwreck come! Thou knowest me not, Harmachis! thou canst not see how big a spirit struggles within this frail form of mine! To thee I am a girl, clever, wayward, shallow. But I am more! Show me thy loftiest thought and I will match it, the deepest puzzle of thy mind and I will make it clear. Of one blood are we, and love can ravel up our little difference and make us grow one indeed."

One end we have, one land we love, one vow binds us both. Take me to thy heart, Harmachis, and set me by thee on the Double Throne, and I swear that I will lift thee higher than ever man has climbed. Reject me, and beware lest I pull thee down! And now, putting aside the cold delicacy of custom, stung thereto by what I saw of the arts of that lovely living falsehood, Cleopatra, which for pastime she doth practise on thy folly, I have spoken out my heart, and answer thou!" And she clasped her hands and, drawing one pace nearer, gazed, all white and trembling, on my face.

For a moment I stood struck dumb, for the magic of her voice and the power of her speech, despite myself, had stirred me like the rush of music. Had I loved the woman, doubtless she might have fired me with her flame; but I loved her not, and I could not play at passion. And so thought came, and with thought that laughing mood, which is ever apt to fasten upon nerves strained to the point of breaking. In a flush as it were I bethought me of the way in which she had that very night forced the wreath of roses on my head. I thought of the kerchief and how I had flung it forth. I thought of Charmion in the little chamber watching what she held to be the arts of Cleopatra, and of her bitter speeches. Lastly, I thought of what my uncle Sepa would say of her could he see her now, and of the strange and tangled skein wherewith I was immeshed. And I laughed aloud—the fool's laughter that was my knell of ruin!

She turned whiter yet—white as the dead, and on her face there grew a look that checked my foolish mirth. "Thou findest, then, Harmachis," she said in a low, choked voice, and dropping the level of her eyes, "thou findest cause of merriment in what I have said to thee?"

"Nay," I answered; "nay, Charmion; forgive me if I laughed. 'Twas rather a laugh of despair; for what am I to say to thee? Thou hast spoken high words of all thou mightest be, is it left for me to tell thee what thou art?"

She shrank, and I paused.

"Speak," she said.

"Thou knowest—none so well!—what I am and what my mission is; thou knowest—none so well!—that I am sworn to Isis, and may, by law Divine, have naught to do with thee."

"Aye," she broke in, in her low voice, and with her eyes still fixed upon the ground. "Aye, and I know that thy vows are broken in spirit, if not in form—broken like wreaths of clouds; for, Harmachis—thou lovest Cleopatra!"

"It is a lie!" I cried. "Thou wanton girl, who wouldst seduce me from my duty and put me to an open shame!—who, led by passion or ambition, or the love of evil, hast not shamed to break the barriers of thy sex and speak as thou hast spoken—beware lest thou go too far! And if thou wilt have an answer, here it is, put straightly, as thy question. Charmion, outside the matter of my duty and my vows thou art naught to me!—nor for all thy tender glances will my heart beat one pulse more fast! Hardly art thou now my friend—for, of a truth, I scarce can trust thee. But, once more: beware! To me thou mayest do thy worst; but if thou dost dare to lift a finger against our cause, that day thou diest! And now, is this play done?"

And as, wild with anger, I spoke thus, she shrank back, and yet further back, till at length she rested against the wall, her eyes covered with her hand. But when I ceased she dropped her hand, glancing up, and her face was as the face of a statue, wherein the great eyes glowed like embers, and round them was a ring of purple shadow.

"Not altogether done," she said gently: "the arena must yet be sanded!" This she said having reference to the covering up of the bloodstains at the gladiatorial shows with fine white sand. "Well," she went on, "waste not thine anger on a thing so vile. I have thrown my throw and I have lost. *Vae victis*!—ah! *Vae victis*! Wilt thou not lend me the dagger in thy robe; that here and now I may end my shame? No? then one word more, most Royal Harmachis:—If thou canst, forget my folly; but, at the least, have no fear from me. I am now, as ever, thy servant and the servant of our cause. Farewell!"

And she went, leaning her hand against the wall. But I, passing to my chamber, flung myself upon my couch and groaned in bitterness of spirit. Alas! we shape our plans, and by slow degrees build up our house of Hope, never counting on the guests that time shall bring to lodge therein. For who can guard against—the Unforeseen!

At length I slept, and evil were my dreams. When I woke the light of the day which should see the red fulfilment of the plot was streaming through the casement, and the birds sang merrily among the garden palms. I woke, and as I woke the sense of trouble pressed in upon me, for I remembered that before this day was gathered to the past I must dip my hands in blood—even in the blood of Cleopatra, who trusted me! Why could I not hate her as I should? There had been a time when I had looked on to this act of vengeance with somewhat of a righteous glow of zeal. And now—and now, why, I would frankly give my Royal birthright to be free from its necessity! But, alas! I knew that there was no escape. I must drain the cup or be for ever cast away. I felt the eyes of Egypt watching me, and the eyes of Egypt's Gods. I prayed to my Mother Isis to give me strength to do this deed, and prayed as I had never prayed before; and oh, wonder! no answer came. Nay, how was this? What then had loosed the link between us that, for the first time, the Goddess deigned no reply to her chosen servant? Could it be that I had sinned in heart against her? What had Charmion said—that I loved Cleopatra? Was this sickness love? Nay! a thousand times nay!—'twas but the revolt of Nature against a deed of treachery and blood. The Goddess did but try my strength, or perchance she also turned her holy countenance from blood?

I rose filled with terror and despair, and went about my task like a man without a soul. I conned the fatal lists and noted all the plans—aye, in my brain I gathered up the very words of that proclamation of my Royalty which, on the morrow, I should issue to the startled world.

"Citizens of Alexandria and dwellers in the land of Egypt," it began. "Cleopatra the Macedonian hath, by the command of the Gods, suffered justice for her crimes!"

All these and other things I did, but I did them as a man without a soul—as a man moved by a force from without and not from within. And so the minutes wore away. In the third hour of the afternoon I went as by appointment fixed to the house where lodged my uncle Sepa—that same house to which some three months gone I had been brought when, for the first time, I entered Alexandria. And here I found assembled in secret conclave the leaders of the revolt in the city, to the number of seven. When I had entered, and the doors were barred, they prostrated themselves, and cried, "Hail, Pharaoh!" but I bade them rise, saying that not yet was I Pharaoh, for the chicken was still in the egg.

"Yea, Prince," said my uncle, "but his beak shows through. Not in vain hath Egypt brooded all these years. An thou fail not with that dagger-stroke of thine to-night—and how canst thou fail?—naught can now stop our course to victory!"

"It is on the knees of the Gods," I answered.

"Nay," he said, "the Gods have placed the issue in the hands of a mortal—in thy hands, O Harmachis!—and there is it safe. See: here are the last lists. Thirty-one thousand men who bear arms are sworn to rise when the tidings come to them. Within five days every citadel in Egypt will be in our hands, and then what have we to fear? From Rome but little, for her hands are full; and, besides, we will make alliance with the Triumvirate, and, if need be, buy them off. For of money there is plenty in the land, and if more be wanted thou, Harmachis, knowest where 'tis stored against the need of Khem, and outside the Roman's reach of arm. Who is there to harm us? There is none. Perchance, in this turbulent city, there may be struggle, and a counter-plot to bring Arsinoë to Egypt and set her on the throne. Therefore must Alexandria be severely dealt with—aye, even to destruction, if need be. And for Arsinoë, those go forth to-morrow on the news of the Queen's death who shall slay her secretly."

"There remains the lad Cæsarian," I said. "Rome might claim through Cæsar's son, and the child of Cleopatra inherits Cleopatra's rights. Herein is a double danger."

"Fear not," said my uncle; "to-morrow Cæsarian joins those who begat him in Amenti. I have made provision. The Ptolemies must be stamped out, so that no shoot shall ever spring from that root blasted by Heaven's vengeance."

"Is there no other means?" I asked sadly. "My heart is sick at the promise of this red rain of blood. Well I know the child, he hath Cleopatra's fire and beauty and great Cæsar's wit. 'Twere shame to murder him."

"Nay, be not so chicken-hearted, Harmachis," said my uncle, sternly. "What ails thee, then? If the lad is thus, the more reason that he should die. Wouldst thou nurse up a young lion to tear thee from the throne?"

"Be it so," I answered, sighing. "At least he is spared much, and will go hence innocent of evil. And now for the plans."

Long we sat taking counsel, till at length, in face of the great emergency and our high emprise, I felt something of the spirit of former days flow back into my heart. At the last all was ordered, and so ordered that it could scarce miscarry, for it was fixed that if by any chance I could not come to slay Cleopatra on this night, then should the plot hang in the scale till the morrow, when the deed should be done upon occasion. For the death of Cleopatra was the signal. These matters being finished, once more we stood and, our hands upon the sacred symbol, swore the oath that may not be written. And then my uncle kissed me with tears of hope and joy standing in his keen black eyes. He blessed me, saying that gladly would he give his life, aye, and a hundred lives if they were his, if he might but live to see Egypt once more a nation, and me, Harmachis, the descendant of its Royal and ancient blood, seated on the Throne. For of a truth he was a patriot indeed, asking nothing for himself, and giving all things to his cause. And I kissed him in turn, and thus we parted. Nor in the flesh did I ever see him more who hath earned the rest that as yet is denied to me.

So I went, and, there being yet time, walked swiftly from place to place in the great city, taking note of the positions of the gates and of the places where our forces must be gathered. At length I came to that quay where I had landed, and saw a vessel sailing for the open sea. I looked and in my heaviness of heart I longed to be aboard of her, to be borne by her white wings to some far shore where I might live obscure and, forgotten, die. Also I saw another vessel that had dropped down the Nile, from whose deck the passengers were streaming. For a moment I stood watching them, idly wondering if they were from Abouthis, when suddenly I heard a familiar voice beside me.

"La! la!" said the voice. "Why, what a city is this for an old woman to seek her fortune in! And how shall I find those to whom I am known? As well look for the rush in the papyrus-roll.* Begone! thou knave! and let my basket of simples lie; or, by the Gods, I'll doctor thee therewith!"

I turned, wondering, and found myself face to face with my foster-nurse, Atoua. She knew me instantly, for I saw her start, but in the presence of the people checked her surprise.

"Good Sir," she whined, lifting up her withered countenance toward me, and at the same time making the secret sign. "By thy dress thou shouldst be an astronomer, and I was specially told to avoid astronomers as a pack of lying tricksters who worship their own star only. And therefore, acting on the principle of contraries, which is law to us women, I speak to thee. For surely in this Alexandria, where all things are upside down, the astronomers may be the honest men, since the rest are clearly knaves." And then, being by now out of earshot of the press, "Royal Harmachis, I am come charged with a message to thee from thy father Amenemhat."

"Is he well?" I asked.

"Yea, he is well, though waiting; for the moment tries him sorely."

"And his message?"

"It is this. He sends greeting to thee and with it warning that a great danger threatens thee, though he cannot read it. These are his words: 'Be steadfast and prosper.'"

I bowed my head and the words struck a new chill of fear into my soul.

"When is the time?" she asked.

"This very night. Where goest thou?"

"To the house of the honourable Sepa, Priest of On. Canst thou guide me thither?"

"Nay, I may not stay; nor is it wise that I should be seen with thee. Hold," and I called a porter who was idling on the quay, and, giving him a piece of money, bade him guide the old wife to the house.

"Farewell," she whispered—"farewell till to-morrow. Be steadfast and prosper!"

Then I turned and went my way through the crowded streets wherein the people made place for me, the astronomer of Cleopatra, for my fame had spread abroad.

And even as I went my footsteps seemed to beat, *Be steadfast! Be steadfast! Be steadfast!* till at last it was as though the very ground cried out its warning to me.

(To be continued.)

The quarterly communication of the United Grand Lodge of English Freemasons was held on March 6 at the Freemasons' Hall, when nearly 1500 Masters, Past Masters, and Wardens of private lodges were present, besides a great number of present and past Grand Officers. Mr. W. Beach, M.P., Provincial Grand Master of Hants and the Isle of Wight, presided. On the motion of Sir John Gorst, M.P., seconded by Mr. T. Hastings Miller, the Prince of Wales was unanimously re-elected, for the fifteenth time, Most Worshipful Grand Master. Mr. Edward Terry, the popular comedian, was chosen Grand Treasurer. The Grand Lodge, after confirming some large grants to distressed Masons, unanimously resolved to grant a lease for forty-nine years of Bacon's Hotel to the Grand Lodge of Mark Master Masols.

*Papyrus was manufactured from the pith of rushes. Hence the saying.—Ed.



DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

"If thou canst, forget my folly. . . . I am now, as ever, thy servant and the servant of our cause. Farewell!"

"CLEOPATRA."—BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

NEW BOOKS.

The White King, or Charles I. By W. H. Davenport-Adams. Two vols. (G. Redway).—The exhibition of Stuart portraits and relics now open should assist in recommending to present notice any worthy contribution to historical acquaintance with the personal, domestic, and social aspects of the reign of Charles I. The political and military conflicts of that King's reign, the principal events of the Civil Wars, the Commonwealth, the Protectorship of Cromwell, and the Restoration of Charles II., are naturally apt to cast into the shade many interesting features of contemporary English life. In these volumes, the work of a careful and judicious author who has bestowed a due proportion of his studies on each department of his subject, no attempt is made to discuss the merits of the dispute between the Crown and the Parliament; but, in general, the conclusions of Mr. S. R. Gardiner, one of the fairest historians of that crisis in our national affairs, are quietly accepted. The personal character of Charles I., who was, it seems, occasionally mentioned as "the White King" from the dress he wore at his coronation, remembered afterwards with reference to a very ancient prophetic tradition that white should be an ill-omened colour for English Royalty, may well be considered apart from the fatal errors of his State policy. It is, in some respects, an estimable and amiable character—that of one who as a private gentleman, or even as a Prince in times of less difficulty, might have passed through life without reproach and enjoyed the goodwill of all those around him. To say that he was, though not a good King for a constitutional realm, more of a good man than any other Stuart who ever reigned in Scotland or in England, would not be saying much; but we doubt whether any English King, living to the fiftieth year of his age, had fewer gross and palpable vices in his ordinary behaviour, or was habitually inspired by higher sentiments in his private conduct. Compared with his father, James I., the coarse buffoon, the vain and silly pedant, the faithless and shameless trickster, or with either of his two sons, the reckless debauchee, Charles II., or the deliberate betrayer of English laws and interests, James II., it was not Charles I. who most deserved to lose his head. If he had reigned at a period unvexed by such fierce ecclesiastical and political controversies as were prepared for him by his predecessors—not only by the acts of James I. but also by those of the Tudor despotism—his reign would have been peaceful, orderly, and gentle, and might have contributed greatly to the improvement of English society. Good manners, decent propriety, regard for morality and religion, a correct taste and liberal patronage of the fine arts, and a standard of literary style, in prose and verse, not excelled in the succeeding century, were favoured by the influence of his Court. These are the matters that chiefly occupy the attention of Mr. W. H. Davenport-Adams, though he sets them forth by simple description and analysis, refraining from any general eulogy of the characteristics of that period. His sketch of the personal history of Charles I., occupying less than a hundred and fifty pages, contains little that will be new to most readers; but as it spares the recital at length of many legal and Parliamentary discussions, and of the action of political and religious parties, the individual demeanour of Charles appears more vividly portrayed. His home life, at Hampton Court, at Greenwich, or at Whitehall, after he had got rid of Queen Henrietta Maria's French Roman Catholic attendants, was tranquil and dignified, unlike what might have been anticipated of a Prince who, accompanied by the madcap Buckingham, went to Spain on the wild adventure of affected gallantry in 1623. "King Charles was temperate, chaste, and serious," writes the Puritan lady, Mrs. Hutchinson; he was certainly a gentleman and a Christian, and a faithful member of the Established Church. With the strongest disapproval of some of his acts in dealing with the rights and liberties of the English nation, and some of the artifices by which he strove to outwit the Parliament, and to gain the victory in his prolonged struggle, our sympathy is not denied to him in perusing the narrative of his misfortunes. The escape of the captive King from Hampton Court, his subsequent imprisonment in Carisbrooke Castle, his trial in Westminster Hall, and his execution at Whitehall, are minutely related here in the original reports, including the King's speeches in his own defence, which were manly, courageous, and not unreasonable from his point of view. The lives of the Royal children, Princess Elizabeth and Henry, Duke of Gloucester, who died young, and those who survived to play their parts in history, are treated in the next chapter. But half the first volume, and all the second volume, are filled with matters not directly belonging to the Stuart family, yet perhaps more instructive; though we do not mean, particularly, the memoirs of Court favourites, such as George Villiers, the first Duke of Buckingham, or even of the great but perverse statesman, Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, or the pure-minded Falkland, all well known to readers of history. The eminent authors of that age, Massinger, Ford, and other dramatists, the poets Milton, Cowley, Denham, Waller, Herrick, Suckling, Quarles, Wither, and others, the philosophic Lord Herbert of Chesham, the divines and religious singers, Jeremy Taylor, George Herbert, and Henry Vaughan, with a number of lesser note, are set in array by Mr. Davenport-Adams; and he analyses the works of several great writers, especially the philosophical treatises, with much insight. The refinement of taste, the progress of the arts of painting, sculpture, music, and architecture, which were liberally patronised, and the improvement of theatrical representations, with the accounts of the sumptuous masques and pageants still fashionable at Charles I.'s Court, fill some interesting chapters. There is one also devoted to certain famous ladies, Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, Lady Anne Fanshawe, and Mrs. Hutchinson, whose characters are worth the trouble of making their acquaintance.

Thomas Drummond, Under-Secretary in Ireland, 1835 to 1840. By R. Barry O'Brien (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.).—The history of the government of Ireland in the nineteenth century has one period to which we may look back with approval and satisfaction. Legislation, indeed, for the removal of gross and grievous iniquities, belonging to the old system of Protestant Ascendancy and to the legalised oppression practised by extortionate landlords, made little progress until a much later date. Those grievances, which the separate Irish Parliament from 1782 to 1800 never sought to redress, obtained no remedy from the Union; hence the demand for Repeal or Home Rule. It is barely twenty years now since Mr. Gladstone undertook the Disestablishment of the alien Church in Ireland; his acts for the protection of the tenantry are of much later date. The Melbourne Ministry, which was more Liberal than Whig, promised a good deal more, in the amendment of Irish laws and institutions, than it was able to perform. It was chiefly hindered by the opposition of the House of Lords; and the author of this volume has shown, in a preceding work of some value, how the Tithe Commutation, Municipal Reform, the Poor Law, and other good measures of legislation for Ireland, were obstructed and partially deprived of their salutary effect. Nevertheless, there was a United Kingdom Government, with a majority in the House of Commons at Westminster, then intent on doing justice to the sister island, and it had the full and frank confidence of

Daniel O'Connell. Nothing was heard, in those days, of the cry for Repeal of the Union. The real merit of that Government, however, and the cause of its Irish popularity, was a just and equitable administration at Dublin Castle. Under the Viceroyalty of Lord Mulgrave (afterwards the Marquis of Normanby) and of Lord Ebrington (afterwards Earl Fortescue), with Lord Morpeth for Chief Secretary, Ireland was, for the first time in all history, fairly and impartially ruled. The best statesmen could not have achieved this political miracle without the aid of such an admirable executive official as Mr. Drummond. This biography, if it recalls, on the one hand, painful recollections of a most shameful state of affairs, which has long ceased to exist, should, on the other hand, be encouraging to those who hold that a Union Government is capable of furnishing men both able and willing to manage the business of State for the true welfare of the country and the people. This Scotchman, a Lieutenant of the Royal Engineers, previously employed in Ordnance Surveys and noted as the inventor of the oxy-hydrogen lime-light, was in his thirty-eighth year appointed to that great work of putting to rights the whole machinery of the State in Ireland. He did it so well as to earn the cordial gratitude of the people, with the dislike of the Orange faction, which was a fact most creditable to him, to the applause of every candid and sensible person in Great Britain. Here, surely, is an example worthy of consideration at the present time. Mr. Barry O'Brien's narrative of those five years, ending with the lamented premature death of Drummond in April, 1840, may supply argument to Liberal Unionists, as his recapitulation of the horrible incidents of the Tithe War, the cruel sufferings of the peasantry, and the half-treason conspiracy of the Orangemen, reminds Home Rulers of the enormity of past abuses. Politicians on either side can make what use of his book they please; it is a good book, for it contains the truth; but there is little or nothing, in its account of the particular wrongs and miseries inflicted on Ireland half a century ago, that we did not already know. Some of us are old enough to remember at the time, in December, 1834, hearing of Archdeacon Ryder, with cavalry and infantry soldiers, collecting his tithe at Widow Ryan's farmhouse, near Rathcoormac, by a fight in which twelve of her defenders were killed with bayonets or bullets, and forty-two wounded. The condition of the land-laws, which allowed a grasping territorial proprietor to snatch at the value of the improvements made by his tenants, and to exact an increasing rent, is within comparatively short recollection. These iniquities were actually quite as bad as they are described by Mr. Barry O'Brien; they are part of the historical record. What may perhaps be new reading to many persons, though it was all published in 1835, in the reported evidence before a Parliamentary committee of inquiry, is the curious account of the Orange Lodges in Ireland and Great Britain. A hundred pages of this volume are filled with their transactions, and the correspondence of Lieutenant-Colonel W. B. Fairman, a busy organiser, with his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, Lord Kenyon, the Duke of Gordon, Lord Wynford, and other foolish persons of rank and influence. We find no evidence for the belief then entertained that the Orangemen seriously proposed to set aside the succession of Queen Victoria; but they formed an unlawful association, and the lodges existing in different regiments of the Army might have become dangerous to the State. Fairman himself was a vain and shallow rogue, who flattered men of high station, bigots and Tories, with a notion of having the control of a powerful force. It was only casually and incidentally, with reference to Orange processions in Ireland causing here and there a breach of the peace, or to the misconduct of Orange Sheriffs and Magistrates, that Drummond had to deal with that noxious institution. The latter half of the volume is entirely devoted to his Irish administrative labours, his views of what could be done for material and social improvement, and evidence of a great diminution of crimes and outrages under Lord Mulgrave's, or, rather, Lord Morpeth's, wise and judicious direction of the powers of Government. The agrarian agitation of Ribbonism was not dissimilar to the Land League and Plan of Campaign; but it was not then associated with Nationalist pretensions. The demand for Repeal was in abeyance till after the fall of the Melbourne Ministry. One of Drummond's best services was the complete organisation of the Irish Constabulary, as a force under the direct control of the Lord-Lieutenant, independently of the local Magistrates, and to be used only for the preservation of the peace. He refused to permit it to be employed in the execution of any civil process, such as levying tithes, distraining for rent, or putting in force writs of ejectment and evictions. The county sheriffs, or the officers of civil courts, might have the protection of a police escort, backed if needful by the military, if they were attacked with violence; but the police was not to be the instrument of enforcing the claims of the landlords or of the clergy. This principle, established in 1836 with the consent of the Legislature, is of much political importance; but the frequent presence of the armed constabulary, often with soldiery as a guard during evictions, is liable to be misunderstood by the people. Drummond's reliance on the loyalty of Irish Catholics enrolled by thousands in the Royal Constabulary has not been in any instance belied through long experience of their behaviour; and the institution of stipendiary resident magistrates has effectually stopped the former abuse of local jurisdiction by the landlord class. He did not hesitate to deprive a few of the worst of these, or even a High Sheriff, of the commissions they had perverted to party purposes. In his memorable rebuke of the one who toasted "The Battle of the Diamond," and in his lecture to the Tipperary Magistrates on the famous text, "Property has its duties as well as its rights," he upheld the interests of the State, as the guardian of public peace, not less than the cause of the people. At the same time, law and order were firmly maintained by the vigilance of the Under-Secretary; and he proved before the House of Lords' Committee, in 1838, that the crimes of homicide, shooting at persons, incendiarism, attacking houses, stealing, killing, or maiming cattle, illegal meetings, and administering unlawful oaths, had very greatly decreased, while a much greater proportion of persons committed for such crimes were convicted at their trial. His anxious study of the problem of Irish poverty, and of its practicable remedies, produced in that year a treatise on the whole subject, in the shape of the Report of the Railways' Commission, which is still, after fifty years, to be commended to statesmen of the present day, as full of suggestions that might even now be adopted. The labours of Thomas Drummond were carried on almost without any relaxation, wearing out his health to the alarm of his family and friends. He worked as usual to within four days of his death. These were his last recorded words: "I wish to be buried in Ireland, the country of my adoption—a country which I loved, which I have faithfully served, and for which I believe I have sacrificed my life." In the Mount Jerome Cemetery, at Dublin, his body was laid; and his statue is in the Dublin City Hall, beside those of Grattan and O'Connell.

It has been notified at the War Office that the establishment of the Post-Office Rifles, which at present is 1004, is to be raised on April 1 to 1200 officers and men.

A PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

It is a fact not less sad than true that the spread of civilisation gradually leads to the extirpation of many natural products of the countries over which it extends its sway. In the New World whole races of animals, plentiful before the advent of the white man, are now nearly extinct; and birds, once so numerous that their flocks darkened the air as they flew from one feeding-ground to another, are now remarkable only for scarcity, and must be sought where the foot of the settler has not yet trodden: and this where no merciless war has been urged against them, or special inducement offered for their destruction. To the true naturalist—one who seeks to preserve rather than destroy—this fact is a painful one, and he becomes anxious for the species remaining, looking with jealousy on any action tending to reduce their numbers. In new countries little can be done for their preservation. The decay of any particular kind is in most cases attributable to natural causes—to the incompatibility between the original inhabitants and the new order of things which attends the white man's coming. But in our own land we have the power to prevent, in a great measure, the destruction which is continually going on around us. Yet we seldom exercise that power. Sentimental enough on many topics, we on this exhibit an indifference which is fatal to many of our feathered friends, and leaves our woods and hedgerows bare of their sweet-voiced denizens. Old Izaak Walton, the kindly and genial, once exclaimed whilst listening to the song of a nightingale, "Lord, what music hast Thou provided for Thy saints in heaven, when Thou givest man such music on earth?" and none who have listened to that delightful songster can wonder at the old angler's enthusiasm. Yet the melodious song is year by year becoming more scarce; districts once filled with its bewitching harmony are now nearly deserted by the tiny musicians. And who is to blame? Not civilisation entirely; though the spread of bricks and mortar drives them from some of their favourite haunts. It is, in a greater degree, the survival of the callousness of that barbarism out of which we have emerged, the remnants of which, however, are still strong enough to silence the cry of shame which should be raised against those who make a business of capturing this sweetest of warblers and those who retain it a prisoner.

It is well known that the male nightingale arrives in this country some weeks before the females, and, taking advantage of this habit, hundreds of professional bird-catchers spread themselves over the southern counties to ensnare the sober-plumaged visitor directly he arrives. It is said that if he once pairs he will never live in confinement. This may be true; yet nearly 80 per cent of those caught before pairing die, and with the nightingales are taken other birds. Parliament, in its wisdom, has thought fit to legislate for their protection, and on the statute book are laws aimed at that object. Yet any rural district in the spring can show crowds of men, with nets and cages, entrapping all kinds of birds—crushing in their hands, and throwing aside to die a lingering death, the females and those for which they have no market. And in spite of Acts of Parliament, this wholesale destruction is allowed to go on for the gratification of the few who would rather see a bird moping in a cage than enjoying the liberty which is its birthright. It is pleaded in excuse that if a bird sings it must be happy, and therefore confinement is no hardship. This, at the best, can only be conjecture; but, even if true, one should not forget the thousands which pine away and die in the process of being made "happy."

There are, however, means other than imprisoning birds in cages which materially help to depopulate our woods and meadows. Hundreds of thousands of skylarks are sacrificed every year to satisfy the craving of perverted appetites. Our French neighbours are even greater sinners than ourselves in this respect; but it is a common thing to see long strings of these birds exposed for sale in our poultry-shops. When one sees what tiny lumps of flesh these birds are when denuded of feathers and ready for cooking, it is difficult to believe that anyone would take them in exchange for their song, or that he who devours them, and deems them dainty morsels, has ever heard their cheerful carol. If he has, surely he must have forgotten it! Then let him go out into the lanes and fields, studded with bright-hued flowers, glittering with dew and rich in delicious perfumes; let him linger by the side of the little stream, sparkling as it dances over its pebbly bed, and listen while that little speck in the blue sky above—that "blithe spirit"—pours out its "triumphal chant," as if its heart were overflowing with joyous melody. Let him watch it slowly descending—singing still—until it disappears among the long grass which conceals its nest, and then, in the silence which falls upon him, hurry home and partake of the dainty dish which these sweet singers make, and maintain, if he can, how more fit that larks should please his palate in a pie than continue to shower out upon the world their flood of song in strains of sympathy and hope!

There is another kind of mischief which is making havoc amongst certain species of our own birds, and to a much greater extent amongst those of the Tropics—that inspired by the tyranny of fashion. That woman may wear a wing upon her bonnet the forests of Brazil and Mexico are scoured from end to end; whilst the birds which frequent our coasts and their winter visitors are driven from headland to headland, from rock to rock, and mowed down in crowds. All are eligible, and are robbed of their lives to please the whim of the gentler sex. When one thinks of the wholesale massacres of these innocent creatures, the term "gentler sex" seems a misnomer. Women cannot know of the pain they inflict—they must be ignorant of the fact that in the indiscriminate slaughter of these birds many are wounded only, and flutter away to some quiet nook to die a horrible and lingering death. But whether ignorant or not the slaughter still goes on, for the decrees of fashion must be obeyed. What matters the agony of the bird so long as a feather of the right shade is procured? Does woman as she proudly surveys her plumaged head-gear ever reflect whence that plumage comes and how it is obtained? Does her imagination never conjure up the cry of the wounded bird as with shattered wing it falls headlong down? Does she never hear the mournful note of its feathered mate as it circles around its murdered partner as if seeking that which it soon will find—the same cruel fate? Do her ears never ring with the agonising cry of the helpless nestlings waiting for the parent who will never return? And does she never think of those helpless little ones left to die of starvation? She must, although at times she assumes an indifference which she cannot really possess. It is not the true nature of woman to be cruel. There is in every woman, however coarse and uncultured, traits which have either been handed down from that higher state from which some visionaries say we have fallen, or are the germs of that better life to which civilisation will ultimately lead us. In disregarding as she does in this particular the promptings of these more tender and nobler feelings she does herself an injustice. But surely the time will come when she will have the courage to rebel against the tyranny of fashion—when true womanly instincts will assert themselves and show she can win admiration in a better way than by decorating herself with mutilated birds. F. W. A.

AMONG THE KORANNAS.

The faint blue smoke that rose into the still morning air told us, travelling in South Africa, that we were approaching a native village. We had lately crossed the great Hartbeeste River, a tributary of the Orange, and were now in the region of the Bushmen and the Korannas, a people who live along the river-banks, hunting antelopes and ostriches in the open plains on either side.

"We will outspan there," said Adolph Moritz, rounding a clump of mimosa-bush, and pointing with his whip to a "vley" (a pool left by the rainy season), on the borders of which, but stretching up the rising ground, the round-topped huts were built.

A few men, and numbers of women and children, clustered round us, crying out some one word, as we drove into the open space, round which the huts were ranged, and brought our travelling-waggon to a halt. After some degree of quietness had been obtained, there began a politic conversation between our driver and two of the native men. The humour of the situation will be better felt when it is understood that we were in immediate want of everything which Moritz, the shrewd Dutchman, scornfully refused and spoke of lightly.

"Nya," said Adolph to the one reiterated cry, "we are not traders, but travellers. We have no goods to exchange; all we want we carry with us."

"Good; but the horses—they will require the beautiful water from the vley: to white men it is for each horse a bag of

gunpowder." (The language spoken was the "click" language of the Hottentots.)

"The horses," returned Adolph, gravely, "are from the Cape by the sea, and are salted. They can drink to-morrow."

Poor beasts! Already the tired leaders were impatiently craning their necks towards the water, cool and sparkling in the sunlight, a hundred yards away.

"Good," said the native again; "but the baas (the chief or master) will buy from us milk or mealies" (the very things we had been hoping to obtain): "to each white man, for milk and mealies, a bag of tobacco."

"Nya," said Adolph again; "for we have the tobacco; why should we therefore require milk and mealies?"

"Good; but you will buy from us a goat, and a chicken, and a kenge (melon), for the flesh-meat that you require: they will be to each baas a shirt and a cloth," pointing to our bodies and to the handkerchiefs round our necks.

"Nya, for with our gunpowder we kill the springbok, the buffalo, and courru (Namaqua partridge); how can we want goat and chicken?"

My friend, George Wilson, looked hungrily toward me—a chicken and a melon were what we desired of all things after our tough gnu steaks.

"Good; but why does not the baas leave his waggon? The feelings of our hearts are most friendly, and will remain so."

"Because we have nothing to stay for; we outspan further in the 'veldt,' where our horses get fresh food."

At this moment a diversion occurred that no doubt helped

to end the palaver, while whetting the appetites of the sable Machiavellis who had thus far striven to obtain enormous payments for the very things they were only too eager to part with. I had in my hand a piece of Boer tobacco, three or four inches long, which some of the women caught sight of, and instantly their agile forms had clambered up the high wheel, where with a forest of bare arms they clung, crying to me to give it to them. I stood up and attempted to pass it to a young girl in the background, who stood looking on and laughing; but a wiry old woman made a spring and snatched it from me, amid a general chorus of approval.

"Where are your young men?" demanded Adolph Moritz. "They are resting in their kraals," replied one of the former speakers.

"They are away hunting," said Adolph.

"That is so," said the same speaker, nowise abashed.

"And your goats and oxen are in the veldt with the shepherds?"

"That is so; but the baas can have one brought. What would the baas give?"

"For a goat, so much"—showing ten or twelve inches—"so much of tobacco."

"Good; the goat will be brought. And the water for the horses—what will the baas give?"

"A handful of gunpowder."

"Good," said the native, and suddenly ordered the crowd surrounding us to fall back. But Moritz did not alight; instead of that he drove well outside the village and then



AMONG THE KORANNAS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

stopped, unharnessed the horses, and let the girls and boys bring them water from the vley.

To describe the appearance and habits of these people, they are of the Hottentot race, and are strong and well built, both men and women; in fact, the person of the Hottentot, when young, is remarkable for its symmetry. In colour, they are of a pale olive brown, with high cheek-bones and oblique eyes like the Chinese. Some of the young women that we had seen in the morning had their faces, necks, and hands covered with a red clay, leaving margins round the eyes and mouth, which, Moritz said, they considered added materially to their attractions; mixed with the clay was the juice of a strongly-scented plant which they called *satig-ant*, but which looked very like some kind of geranium-leaf. Their dress, both men and women, is a strip of deer-skin round the waist, to which an apron depends, before and behind; round their necks they wear a chain of beads attached to a small bag holding amulets or "daccha" (hemp tobacco), and they grease themselves all over as a protection from the sun. Their language is, as before stated, the "click" language, which has more or less permeated other tribes, even to the Zulus. The "click" is a sound somewhat similar to that which a driver makes to encourage his horse; it is used before and sometimes after a word. For example, there is the dental click, with the tongue pressed and then drawn sharply back from the teeth, and there is the cerebral click. In Hottentot language the words "kamp," a little fox, and "girip," a jackal, are made with these different clicks. Many of the words seem to have been derived from copying Nature—"hurroo," the sea; "kraak," a frog; "mnoo," an ox; "meau," a cat; and "haehi," a horse. Among these people, women are held in great respect; the most solemn oath a Hottentot can take is to swear by his mother or sister. Yet the females are obliged to eat apart from the men, to do all the work of the

kraal, and to till the ground when necessary—not that the Korannas stay very long in one place, moving from one district to another as the animals they hunt seek fresh pasturage.

One of the ceremonies in connection with the formation of a new kraal, or village, is remarkable, and illustrates the social condition of the Korannas. After the spot is chosen—wood and water being the principal conditions—an immense arbour is constructed in the centre of the proposed site, the women and children building it and adorning it with branches of sweet-smelling trees and charms against evil spirits. Two or three oxen, according to the number of persons to be feasted, are then killed and cooked; the men partaking of the meat in the arbour, while the women, sitting outside, regale themselves with the broth.

In spite of the Hottentots being accounted a mild and placable race, they still have many cruel, degrading, and savage customs. A murderer is stoned to death, the sick are left to die, an unfaithful wife is burnt, and so is a witch-doctor whose prophecies have failed of fulfilment. Each tribe has its chief, and each kraal—such as the one we were encamped at—its captain.

George Wilson and I had been fortunate in having Adolph Moritz act as interpreter in our intercourse with the natives, as, like so many of the up-country Dutch colonists, he spoke the Hottentot language fluently, and for our benefit he translated the stories we heard that night. After supper, we spent an hour in thoroughly cleansing and scouring such of our cooking utensils as needed it. When the horses had been driven in and tethered for the night to the pole of the waggon, and a large and cheerful fire built and administered to, we piled our rugs around, and sat and lay there in the warm moonlit air while Nama the Koranna told us, one after another, the fables that are rife among the Hottentot tribes.

Once on a time, a certain Hottentot was travelling in company with a Bushwoman, carrying a child on her back. They had proceeded some distance on their journey, when a troop of wild horses appeared; and the man said to the woman, "I am hungry; and, as I know you can turn yourself into a lion, do so now, and catch us a wild horse, that we may eat and be satisfied."

The woman answered, "You will be afraid."

"No, no," said the man; "I am afraid of dying of hunger, but not of you."

Behold! whilst he was yet speaking hair began to appear at the back of the woman's neck, her nails assumed the appearance of claws, and her features altered. She set down the child. The man, alarmed at the change, climbed a tree close by. The woman glared at him fearfully, and going to one side, she threw off her skin dress, her bracelets of copper, and her charms against sickness, when a perfect lion rushed into the plain. He bounded and crept among the bushes toward the wild horses, and, springing on one of them, it fell, and the lion lapped its blood. The lion then came back to where the child was lying, and the man called from the tree, "Enough! enough! Don't hurt me. Put off your lion's shape. I'll never ask to see this again."

The lion looked at him and growled.

"I'll remain here till I die," said the man, "if you don't become a woman again."

The mane and tail then began to disappear; the lion went toward the bush where the skin dress and the bracelets lay; they were slipped on, and the woman in her proper shape took up the child. The man descended and ate of the horse's flesh; but never again now do men ask women to catch game for them, for the women work in kraals and the men hunt.



THE LOOSHAI EXPEDITION: GOORKHAS CLEARING A PASSAGE THROUGH BAMBOO JUNGLE.

SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT H. W. G. COLE, 2ND GOORKHAS.

SCHOOL-DAYS.

As a means of awakening the genial after-dinner humour of most men past middle age, no subject, perhaps, equals the memory of early school-days. Let the topic but be started by an anecdote of some long-dead dominie, it is as if the spigot had been drawn from a butt of old vintage, and the stream of recollection will flow forth rich and sparkling with the mellowed light of years. Strange is the charm of a word! For a lifetime a man has been painfully toiling up the Alps of circumstance; it may be he has gained the object of his desire—the glittering ice-crystal on the peak which long ago dazzled his upward-looking eyes; and now, amid the walnuts and the wine, someone says "I remember"—lo! the years are forgotten; the greybeard is back in the sunny valley of his boyhood, wandering the field-paths with chubby companions long since dust, and filling his heart once more with the sweet scent of hayricks, of the hedges in hawthorn-time. It is not for nothing that rustic children day after day, as they start for school, hear the low of the farmyard kine coming in to the milking, and that day after day, as they tread the long miles of moorland path, they see the grouse whirl off to the mountain, and the trout dart away from the sunny shallows; and it is not for nothing that they spend long truant afternoons by ferny lanes and harebell copes in the seasons of bird-nesting and bramble-gathering. These make the fragrant memories of after years! And again and again, in later life, to the man jaded with anxiety and care, the old associations come back, laden with pleasant regrets—a breath from the clover-fields of youth.

School life in town, notwithstanding its more sophisticated surroundings, has also its memories; for in what circumstances will not the boyish mind create a charmed world of its own! Apart from the actual events of class-room and playground, the streets and the shop windows, and the things in them to be desired, all furnish absorbing interests; and a half-amused envy in later years attends the memory of the fearful joy with which, after much contriving of ways and means, and much final screwing-up of courage to face the shopman, the long-coveted percussion pistol, or the wonderful and still more expensive model locomotive, was acquired and smuggled home. But school life in the city has a certain precocity which detracts from the poetry of its remembrance—an aroma is lacking which forms the subtlest charm of the associations of rustic childhood. What has the city-bred man to compare to the memory of that hot afternoon in July, when, escaped from the irksome thrall of desk and rod, in the clear river pool at the bottom of some deep-secluded dingle the urchins of the rural pedagogy learned to swim? Such a scene remains in a man's mind, a possession and a "joy for ever." Far off in some city den, gas-lit and fog-begrimed, his eyes may grow dim, poring over ledgers that are not his own, and his heart may grow heavy and sick with hope deferred; but at a word, a suggestion, it will all come back; he will be standing again on that grassy margin, the joyous voices of his comrades will be ringing in his ears, while the sunshine once more beats warmly on his head, and at his feet sparkle over their sandy bottom the pellucid waters of the woodland pool.

The black art of letters is probably the least detail of the learning acquired by school-children in the country, and it must be confessed that the thirst for book lore is not exactly their most conspicuous foible. Happy, nevertheless, in "schools and schoolmasters" of Nature's own appointing, they grow up like the lilies, children of the earth and sun, and none the less fit for life, perhaps, that their learning has been got at first-hand from the facts and realities of actual existence. Who has not envied the bright-eyed boys and red-lipped little lasses, healthy with the breath of the woods and of the fresh-delved earth, whom one meets, satchel on back, on sequestered country roads? The dead tongues may be dead, indeed, to them, and mathematics an unnamed mystery; but, with eyes and ears open, they have learned all the lore of the fields and the hedges—have drunk deep at those nature-fountains whence all the literatures and poetries of the world have sprung.

Many changes have been made in school-teaching in the country of recent years. The Government inspector is now abroad, and code and standard compel all within their iron rule. The old ruts and byways have been forsaken, and the coach of Learning has been made to roll, if not yet along the coveted "royal road" of the old saw, at least along a highway more uniformly paved. The difference in outside appearance between the wayside school-houses of to-day and of thirty years ago is only an indication of the changes which have taken place within. The days are past when any incompetent would do for a dominie, and in place of the halt and the palsied, who used to fill the pedagogic chair, there is now the pretty school-ma'am from some Normal seminary. A tyrant of the most petty kind, it is to be feared, the rural school-master of the old days too often was:—

Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.

Now all this is altered. No longer would it be suffered that a sour and crabbed dominie, too crippled to walk, should, out of sheer caprice and ill-temper, hurl his tawse at some urchin's head, and order him to bring them up and be thrashed; and it is to be doubted if the modern "Board" would countenance even such a gallant device as the vicarious birching of a boy for the delinquencies of one of the dearer sex. Idiosyncrasies like these, no doubt, made much of the picturesqueness of school life in the country a generation ago; and people whose memories are of the old régime are apt to look back upon the former state of things, faulty as it was, with a sigh. Sometimes a head is shaken regretfully, and it is averred that with modern innovations are being planed away all those strong, rich peculiarities of ancient rural life which made character in the country interesting. The crabbed rule of the ancient village pedagogue has a charm for those who have escaped beyond reach of his tawse, the thrashings themselves of bygone days having become mere matter for a smile. Point of view, however, makes a considerable difference in the matter, and the unfortunate urchin of those days, counting the strokes of an ill-tempered and unreasoning castigation upon his nether habiliments, probably entertained a somewhat different sentiment.

The individuality of country life may very well be left to take care of itself. Children remain true to their instincts under the new régime as under the old; and growing like the trees of the hedgerows, amid the influences of wild and varied nature, rustic character may still be trusted to develop a picturesqueness of its own. The real country school, after all, does not lie within four walls, nor is it ruled by the rod of prim school-ma'am or spectacled dominie. Nature herself, the primeval *alma mater* of all mankind, is the educator there. The leaves of her primers are stored in the woodlands; her history-books are written and explained by the seasons themselves; the lark and the rivulet are the perpetual tutors of her "old notation;" and her terms are timed by the bloom and flight of the snowdrop and the swallow. G. E.-T.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

THE FRESHMEN AT CAMBRIDGE.

It is frequently remarked that the University Boat-Race is not so popular as it used to be, and that the same enormous crowds are not seen on the river banks to witness the struggle. No doubt, a great many people who do not care for boating, and who have no personal interest in the race, have given up the vain attempt to hold a picnic on a wild spring day; but all rowing-men, and that vast section of the British public that will go anywhere to see a fair and honest trial of skill, speed, or strength, will always look on the Boat-Race as one of the great festivals of the year.

Many arm-chair critics affect to think that the honour and glory poured out upon the rival crews for the race week are too lightly earned. They consider that there is nothing wonderful in practising for a week or two at Putney, and then rowing in a twenty-minute race; and perhaps they are right. But it is surely worth remembering in this mercantile age, when nothing is done for nothing, that the University Boat-Race is almost the only important race in which no gain is hoped for, in which the parsley crown is the sole reward, and which there is absolutely not the slightest taint of bribery, pulling, or selling.

The average University oar is made, not born; and the process of making is by no means an easy one. It requires more energy, self-denial, discipline, and patience than any other object in life; and the man who has been through the rowing-mill will seldom be found wanting wherever he may be.

The University year begins with the October term, and it is then that the college-boat captains commence the training and shaping of oarsmen. Many freshmen come up with a good knowledge of rowing from school or holiday practice, and if they have acquired no evil habits are soon placed in one of the College Trial Eights; but many of the freshmen require coaxing to join the boat-club, and are somewhat shy of airing their incompetence before the critical eyes on the river banks. However, when the captain and secretary have got their recruits, the next thing to do is to begin their education, and this demands an amount of patience and hard work from these officials that quickly proves their tact and skill in managing men. The aspirants are told off two by two for the tub-pairs, each member of last May's first boat having so many pupils intrusted to his care.

These tub-pairs are the beginning and end of rowing. They meet the oarsman from the very commencement of his career, and are still with him when he has gained his "blue," and is at the top of the rowing-tree. In them he learns the art of rowing; and should he develop any fault when in the Eight, he is straightway condemned to the tub-pair until the proper excellence of form is obtained. The coach takes his seat in the stern, grasping a rudder-line in each hand, where he has a full view of his two pupils, whose every deviation from the correct form stands out clearly before him. The first impulse of the freshman is to show his strength by churning the sluggish Cam to unwonted foam, and making the tub's head slew about in the most eccentric fashion. This sort of thing is sternly sat upon by the coach, whose aim it is to teach the freshman how to use his strength to the greatest effect, and how to put every ounce of weight into sending the boat along. It is tiring and monotonous work, and some men become so disgusted with it, and so despairing of ever being able to hold an oar properly, that they give it up, and take to some simpler pursuit.

But by the middle of October a couple of crews have been got together to compete for the College Trial Eights. The coach then exchanges his seat in the stern of the tub-pair for a run along the muddy banks. He first of all sees the men carefully into the boat, and then crosses in the "grind" to the towpath side of the river, and gives the order—"Forward all, row!" With considerable uncertainty of stroke and time the Trial Eight starts off, and the coach on the bank follows at a trot, a little in the rear, shouting his instructions to the men in the boat:—"Keep it long, stroke! Now then, sharper on the bow-side! Seven, you are hanging!" and so on all through the boat, keeping each man up to the mark, and pointing out each man's faults in terse and vigorous language. If the eight go very badly the coach sometimes shouts "Easy all!" and then, when the boat has stopped and he has recovered his wind, soundly rates the whole crew, from bow to cox, and, having thus delivered his soul, starts them once more upon their journey.

At last the eventful day of the race arrives, and the two trial eights are put in position at the top of the Long Reach. One boat is a certain number of lengths in front of the other, and the winning posts are the same distance apart. A pistolshot starts the crews, and then the race begins, each boat having a crowd of sympathisers on the bank running with it and shouting encouragement to the struggling heroes. Every freshman puts all his strength into the work, and does his best to forget what little form his coach has, with infinite pains and reiteration, managed to drum into him during the last few weeks. At each winning-post stands a judge, pistol in hand, ready to fire the moment the nose of his boat crosses the winning line. As the crews near the winning-posts the excitement grows more intense; the efforts of the men grow more desperate; the crowd on the bank raises a yet more hideous clamour, and the two coaches yell frantically to their respective boats to "lift her up," or to "spurt like blazes." There are but a few strokes left to row, but one boat is nearly exhausted, and the oars in the other are going like a peal of bells. A few more desperate strokes, and then the pistol fires, the race is won, the cox shouts "Easy all," and the coach, "Well rowed, you men!" and so ends the first stage of a Cambridge boating-man's career. J. W. P.

At a meeting of the Manchester City Council on March 6 it was resolved to purchase Sir Frederick Leighton's picture, "The Captive Andromache," for addition to the permanent collection of pictures in the Art Gallery, the Art Committee to find two-thirds of the money and influential citizens the remaining third.

The twenty-first annual spring show of shorthorn cattle promoted by the Birmingham Agricultural Exhibition Society was opened on March 6, in Bingley Hall, Birmingham. The total number of entries was 533, being seventeen less than last year. The quality all round is well maintained, and the collection of yearling bulls is the best that has ever been got together in Birmingham; the judges marking their appreciation by awarding, in addition to the four prizes, a dozen highly commended and twenty-four commendations. "The Prince of Wales is an exhibitor; and among other well-known breeders represented were the Dukes of Devonshire, Portland and Rutland, Lady Rothschild, Lord Francis Cecil, Moreton, Penrhyn, Wrotesley and Northbrook, Mr. Hussey Vivian, M.P., and Mr. Rankin, M.P. *Bell's Weekly Messenger* Cup and the society's championship prize for young bulls both went to Mr. H. J. Sheldon, of Shipston-on-Stour. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Portland, and Lord Francis Cecil secured commendations. The prizes went chiefly to the eastern and southern counties.

THE LOOSHAI EXPEDITION.

The small military force sent from Calcutta by the British Government of India to ascend the highlands above Chittagong, on the north-east coast of the Bay of Bengal, for the chastisement of hostile chiefs and tribes of the Looshai race, will soon reach the scene of action. This rugged piece of hill country, to the south of Assam and to the west of Upper Burmah, is overgrown with forest and jungle, through which the troops must cut their passage, adding much to the labours of the campaign. An officer of the 2nd Goorkhas, Lieutenant Cole, supplies us with a Sketch of his men busy in that needful task, which they perform cleverly and quickly. The jungle is probably more troublesome than the enemy is likely to be when he is overtaken. All the various tribes of that region, generally called "Kookies" by the inhabitants of Eastern Bengal, are barbarous and ferocious, addicted to predatory inroads, and frequently shifting their abode. They are crafty in night marches and ambushes, which may try the vigilance of out-post officers and commanders of detachments; but are incapable of formidable resistance in battle. The Looshais occupy the western side of the forest tract between the valley of the Irrawaddy and the sea-coast, while the Shindoos, the Khoomeas, and the Khoos, dwell more inland.

A MOUNTAIN ROAD IN NEW ZEALAND.

A correspondent and artist in New Zealand, Mr. Norman Davies, sends us a few sketches on the Canterbury and Nelson coach-road, which connects Christchurch, the capital of Canterbury, with the west-coast ports of the Southern Island. This is, perhaps, the finest and best-kept road in the colony, and, being the highway of all communication between the two coasts, it has plenty of traffic of every kind. Almost daily, large mobs of sheep and cattle are driven over it; while "swaggers," tramping across country, with their bundles, containing a blanket and change of clothes, mingle with gold-diggers or travelling hawkers. From Christchurch to Hokitika, on the west coast, is a favourite trip by coach for tourists and sightseers, who think themselves amply repaid by the fine scenery for any little hardships they may endure, and for the nervous shocks they may receive by an occasional upset in a river, or by a corner too closely shaved down some precipitous cuttings. The coaches, running twice a week, have the appearance of a cross-breed between the old "stager" and a modern mail-cart. But there is no doubt of their efficiency, or that of their smart drivers, when the passenger finds himself safely landed on the other side of tremendous gorges and mountain passes. Two wheelers and three leaders form the team, which is changed every fifteen miles or so; short stages being essential over such rough country.

The features of the scenery along this road are singularly varied, but always beautiful. Sometimes the coach bowls gaily over the grassy undulations of some rich sheep-run, and past the pretty homestead lying nestled beneath the hills; then, higher up, it winds cautiously through deep ravines, across rough river beds, and toils heavily over rugged mountain passes, where the passengers find themselves amongst snow and glaciers, until, descending the other side, the road cuts through densely luxuriant bush, where tree-ferns and black pines have grown to giant stature, and the thick undergrowth, aspiring creepers, and twisted trailers, make a scene of wondrous beauty.

The road from Hokitika, after joining the branch road from Greymouth and Nelson, enters the valley of the Tere-makau, and, winding through forest and glade and along banks of lovely ferns, gives many picturesque peeps of the broad river and the rugged hills. About forty miles from Hokitika, the road ascends the Otira Gorge, which is surpassingly grand. On one side, the river rushes headlong from the heights, while the road, now cut out as it were from the overhanging precipice, now bridged high above the foaming torrent, creeps up, zigzag fashion, the deep solitary ravine, walled in by dark mountains, streaked here and there by silvery cascades, leaping down sheer depths of one hundred feet. The summit, Arthur's Pass, 3300 ft. high, forms part of the water-shed between the west and east coasts, and is the dividing boundary between the provincial districts of Westland and Canterbury. The view from the summit is not extensive, but it has the charm of wild grandeur. The vegetation is strange; small standing pools of water take the place of running streams; and the surrounding mountain-tops, crested with ice and snow, and half hid in clouds, seem to gaze sullenly on the road as an outrage and usurpation.

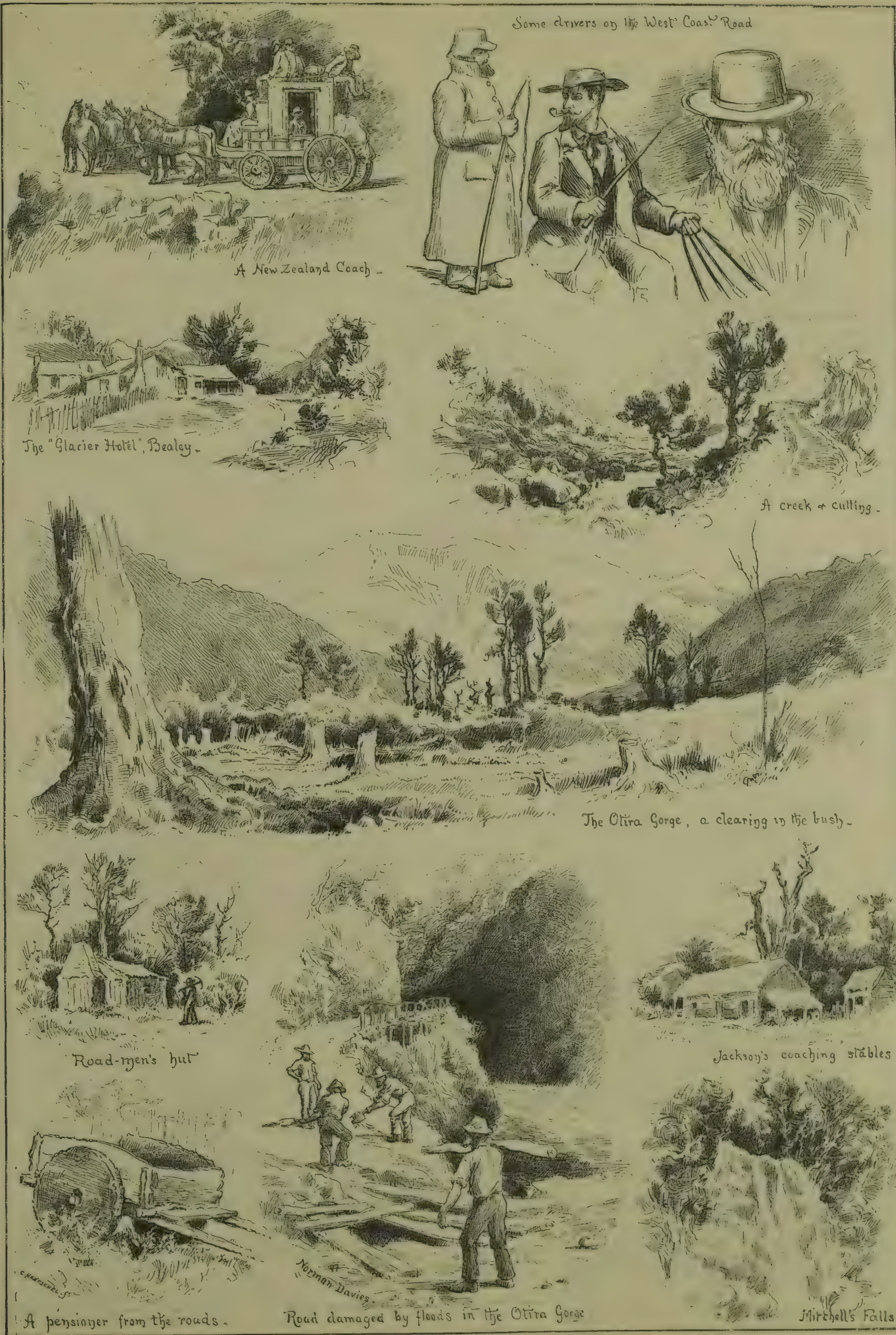
From Arthur's Pass the road descends gradually a romantic defile, and, fording the Waimakariri River, a mile of shingles and streams, reaches Bealey, where the mail-coach stops for the night. From Bealey the road winds among mountains and along lakes, through wild scenery, till it reaches Porter's Pass, more than 3000 ft. above the sea. From that height, where first is seen by the traveller from Hokitika the panorama of the great Canterbury Plains, the road plunges, as it seems, but, in fact, scientifically subsides, into the depth below, and emerges on the level country reaching eastward to the sea, and stretching north and south as far as the eye can see. At Springfield, near which the Malvern coal-mines are worked, the railway goes to Christchurch, forty-three miles, by way of Rolleston, a station on the main south line from Christchurch to Dunedin. The road across the mountains, 147 miles from Christchurch to Hokitika, was made by the Provincial Government of Canterbury in 1866; it cost £150,000; and so well was it constructed that a four-horse mail coach has from that time traversed the distance twice a week, each way in two days, stopping one night on the road. The formidable natural difficulties have been overcome with admirable skill, and the journey is done with comparative ease and safety. The railway, now being constructed by a company with a Government grant, will enable passengers to travel across the island in a few hours.

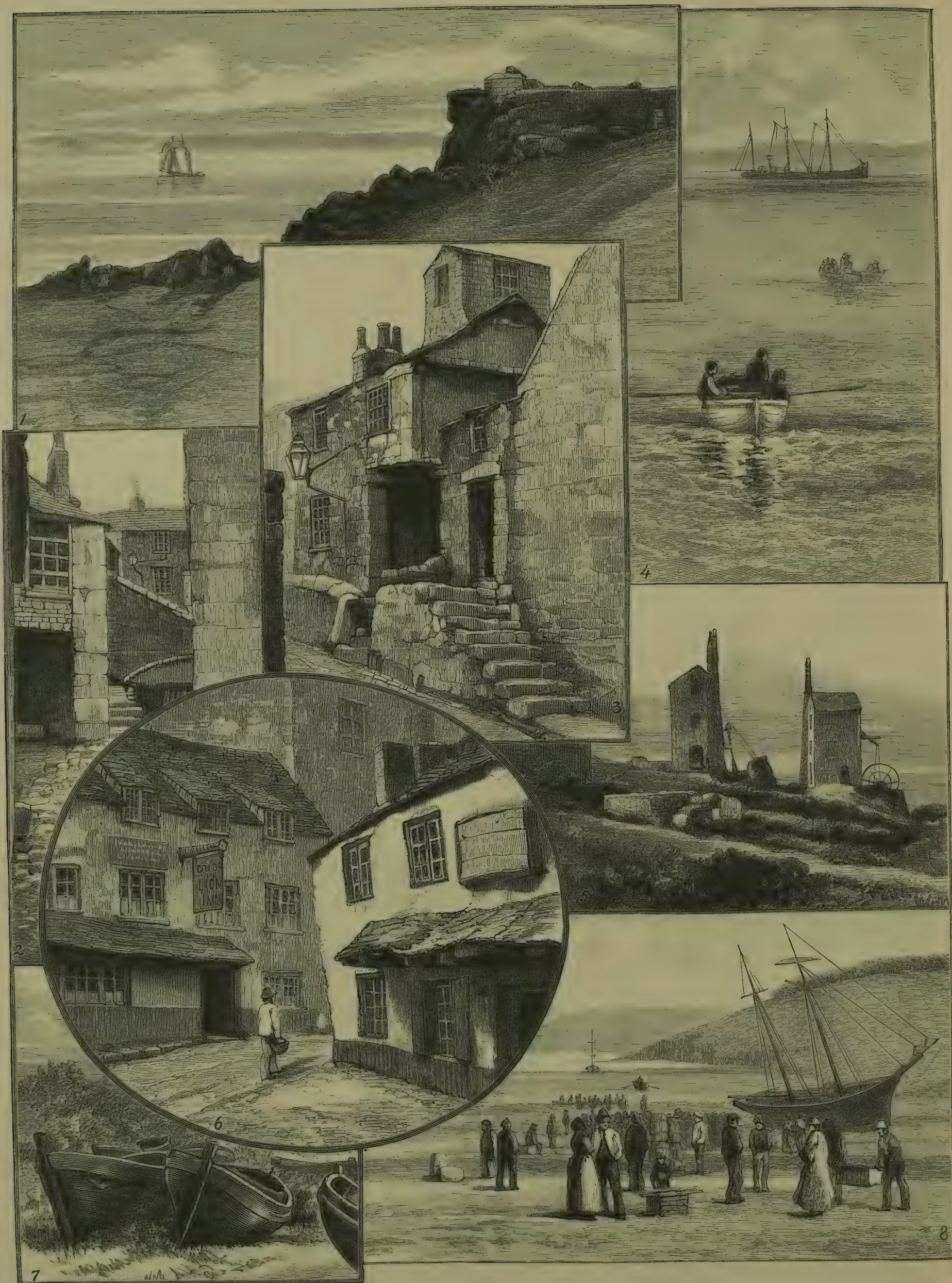
The Grocers' Company have made a grant of £100 to the Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund, 66, South Audley-street.

Compared with last year the Board of Trade returns for February exhibit a decrease of £383,139 in the exports, and an augmentation of £2,779,101 in the imports.

The Queen's Jubilee presents, which have been arranged in the handsome cabinets prepared for their reception in the grand vestibule at Windsor Castle, are ready for exhibition. The days of admission to the castle are Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays during the absence of the Court.

At the meeting of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society, on March 6, it was announced that the Lord Steward had, by the Queen's command, issued invitations to the council and the high officers of the society to a private banquet at St. James's Palace on Tuesday, March 26, the fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of the society by Royal charter. The Earl of Morley, the Earl of Mount-Edgumbe, Mr. John Tremayne, and the Mayor and Town Clerk of Plymouth were introduced by Sir Massey Lopes, and invited the society to hold their show at Plymouth in 1890. The invitation was accepted.





1. Looking across the Bay, from the Island.
2. Old Houses by the Beach.

3. A Fisherman's House.
4. Fishing in the Bay.

5. Deserted Tin-Mines.
6. Old Inns in the Market Square.

7. Seine-Boats.
8. Waiting for the Fishing-Boats.

ST. IVES, CORNWALL.

On the north coast of the remote Cornish peninsula, within fifteen miles of the Land's End, is the Bay of St. Ives, leading to the landlocked harbour of Hayle and to an inlet that extends up to St. Erth. Here, according to tradition, was the landing-place of the Irish Christian missionaries in the fifth century, one of whom gave her name to St. Ives. The little town, with a hill behind it commanding a fine view north-east across the bay, which is four miles broad, to the lighthouse on Godrevy Island, is a pleasant and quiet place for seaside sojourn, and receives summer visitors, besides having a good share of the pilchard fishery. It has a fine old church, of Early Perpendicular Gothic architecture; the churchyard walls are often washed by the sea. St. Ives was chartered as a corporate borough in the reign of Charles I., and long sent two members to the House of Commons, but only one member after the Reform Act of 1832. The Corporation preserves several interesting relics of its ancient municipal honours, including a loving-cup inscribed with a motto of "peace and goodwill," the gift of Sir Francis Basset. There are many traditions of local history; one is that of the plague in 1647, which destroyed a third of the population. The unfortunate town was put under an interdict during the pestilence; and people from the neighbouring parishes deposited supplies of food on

the margin of a stream at Pulmaner, where the money had been left for payment. Visitors staying at St. Ives enjoy picnic excursions to Carbis Valley, to the bold cliffs of Gurnard's Head, or even to the Land's End. The old tin-mines of this district, worked out and abandoned, attract notice. The fishing-boats often make the bay a lively scene, both when they go out in the evening, to cast the seine-nets, and when they return in the morning. Our Rambling Artist's Sketches will perhaps remind some readers of a pleasant sojourn at this old-fashioned Cornish seaport.

The Leeds Town Council have decided to purchase for £12,000 the site known as the Cross Flatts estate in that town, as a recreation-ground.

The foundation-stone of the new Assembly Rooms at Tamworth, to be erected this year in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee, was laid by the Mayor on March 7.

At a dinner at the Holborn Restaurant, on March 7, Mr. Isaac Pitman was presented with a gold medal, in commemoration of the Jubilee of Phonography, which was celebrated by the International Shorthand Congress in 1887. Viscount Bury, who presided, in presenting the medal, said they owed a debt of gratitude to Mr. Pitman for the great public services which he had rendered.

ART NOTES.

The Royal Society of Painter-Etchers has this year found suitable quarters in the Gallery of the Old Water-Colour Society (Pall-mall East), and we are enabled to judge better of the works exhibited than on any former occasion. Unfortunately, few of the drawings, whether in aquatint or mezzotint, by dry-point or by the more ordinary method, fall within the strict definition conveyed by the name of the society. There is abundance of excellent work; there is evidence that the English school of etching need not be afraid of foreign rivalry; and, above all, there are distinct signs of the progress made in the art during the seven years of the society's existence. With all this, however, we are constrained to admit that in the majority of the sketches here shown the etcher has very seldom transferred to his plate the actual scenes he has had before his eyes. He has not worked upon his plate as the water-colour sketcher paints upon his paper, transferring to it the momentary impressions of the scene poetised and perfected in its passage through the artist's mind. Too often we have careful, or even painful, elaborations of scenes already painted or sketched in which the chief aim of the etcher seems to have been to produce a work which would have a commercial value. The President, Mr. Seymour Haden, to whom the honours of the exhibition



A WINDFALL.—PICTURE BY C. REICHERT.

are honestly due, is perhaps the least offender in this direction. With very few exceptions, he has allowed the poetic side of his art to hold in check the practical, and we thoroughly recognise the spirit in which are conceived such works as the "Breaking-up of the Agamemnon" (in its various states), "The Sunset on the Thames" (173), "The Towing-Path" (150), "Greenwich" (200), "Harlech" (193, &c.), "Sonning Almshouses" (154), and the like. In these and many others we recognise that Mr. Seymour Haden has gone direct to Nature for his inspirations; and although the rendering may be at times prosaic, it is always marked by personality. Mr. Seymour Haden's works, numbering nearly 150, cover the greater part of one of the long walls, and enable us to judge of his versatile powers, which fully entitle him to the post he occupies in the Society. It would be absurd to compare the President's work with that of the best period of French or Dutch art; but we must recognise in it a variety which the earlier masters either here or on the Continent seldom, if ever, obtained. Its manysidedness, indeed, is somewhat too strongly marked, and one feels that Mr. Seymour Haden might have achieved greater results had he been less catholic in his aims and tastes.

Individuality is, perhaps, most strongly marked in Mr. Walter Sickert's work, which shows the peculiarity of Mr. Whistler's work emphasised and exaggerated. No doubt, as an impressionist, Mr. Sickert deserves credit for the rapid realism of his needle, as seen in thirty-one small plates (84), illustrative of life in London under all sorts of conditions; but it can scarcely be held that the possession or contemplation of

such works will give permanent pleasure to the possessor. Very different is the effect produced by the delicate works of Mr. Alfred East, Colonel Goff, Mr. Percy Robertson, Mr. Richard Toovey, and, above all, of Mr. William Strang—by each of whom we recognise that the *métier* of the painter-etcher has been understood in its strictest and best sense. The same may be said of Mr. J. P. Heseltine, the most distinguished of our amateurs, after the President, who sends three very characteristic sketches of the Riviera, the New Forest, and the London parks. In the last, the portico of "Stafford House" (30) forms the chief object; but Mr. Heseltine has not allowed the temptation of producing a mere photographic effect to lead him away from the "environments" of his subject. Amongst the larger etchings which aim at popularity and commercial success, Mr. Axel Haig stands in the first rank with his interior of "Toledo Cathedral" (32), although many will be found to prefer his simpler works, "A Hill-town, Navarre" (24)—in the full blaze of the mid-day sun—or the "Streets of Toledo" (39), by moonlight. Mr. Haig naturally finds many competitors in the wide field he has opened up, and amongst the most successful specimens of the school may be mentioned Mr. Charles O. Murray's "Ely Cathedral" (11), Mr. V. Hine's "Lincoln" (111), Mr. E. Slocombe's "Ripon" (27), Mr. F. Slocombe's "Kenilworth Castle" (85), and Mr. David Law's "Alnwick Castle" (12). Mr. Wilfred Ball's "Venice" (52)—as seen from the lagoons whilst the sun is setting in a golden blaze behind the Euganean Hills—belongs to a higher order of art and is quite one of the prominent works in the Exhibition. Amongst others which should attract notice are Mr.

Percy Robertson's "Westminster Bridge" (5); "Church-street, Godalming" (44); Mr. C. E. Holloway's "The 'Victory' at Rest" (28), which may be contrasted with Mr. Tristram Ellis' "The 'Victory' at Portsmouth" (35); Mr. Charles Robertson's "The Lock" (20), Mr. Alfred East's "Trélat" (66), Mr. A. Toovey's "Dieppe Harbour" (71), Mr. D. Y. Cameron's "Perthshire Village" (75), Mr. Percy Thomas's "Birthday" (295), Mr. W. Strang's "After Work" (334)—quite one of the strongest works in the room, and Mrs. Lea Merritt's "Waiting for the Mass" (47), a sympathetic treatment of the Irish peasantry of the county Cork.

Vice-Admiral Sir Anthony Hiley Hoskins, K.C.B., has been appointed Commander-in-Chief on the Mediterranean station.

The Metropolitan Board of Works have decided to grant Mr. Lovick, assistant engineer, a pension of £666 a year. Several other officers have tendered their resignations.

A public meeting in support of the extension of the franchise to women was held in Westminster Townhall on March 7, Colonel Cotton, M.P., presiding, and was addressed by several speakers. A memorial to the First Lord of the Treasury was adopted.

At a meeting of the Royal Botanic Society of London, held on March 9, a branch of coffee thickly set with ripe fruit from a plant growing in the society's conservatory was shown at the meeting. Dr. Prior mentioned as a curious fact that in parts of Abyssinia the fleshy outside husk only was eaten, the part we use being thrown away as worthless.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE STORY OF THE ISLANDS.

The usual definition of an island as a piece of land surrounded by water may do very well for the elementary school and for infantile minds, but I am not sure that it should suffice for any stage of culture beyond the lowest and simplest. For there happen to exist ways of looking at islands which, while accessible to everybody, appear to me to unite in themselves all the merits of a true educational system. Stating my belief in another fashion, I declare that ordinary and common modes of teaching geography are not only dull and uninteresting, but fail to impart any adequate notion of the form, configuration, and, least of all, the history of our earth. Your ordinary text-book of geography, "as she is written," talks barely and baldly about the size of countries, their boundaries, their rivers and lakes, capes and headlands, their populations, their religions, and their chief products. These are all facts, no doubt; but they are facts which resemble pearls destitute of any string whereby they may be converted into a necklace, and thus made useful and ornamental, both. My belief, therefore, leads to the assertion that we should become more scientific—but not thereby less popular—in our geographical teaching in schools; and this very subject of islands shows the way of reform. Science, in this sense, dives below the bare facts of the text-book, and seeks to give reasons for these facts. It places itself in the position of an expositor and expounder of the manner in which our world and its affairs have come to assume their existing order.

Geographically, all islands are regarded as of much the same constitution. They are detached masses of land, surrounded by sea, and differing, to the mind of the school-boy or school-girl, chiefly in size. Australia is a big island; Madagascar is not so big; and from Ceylon onwards to Mauritius or the Azores there are found all degrees and gradations of magnitude. This, with a few details about the quarters of the world in which islands exist, and with some ideas about products and peoples, complete the geographical knowledge of the average man and woman. Science takes up the matter where common-place geography ends its story. It asks, first of all, what islands really are, and how one island differs from another. As the result of its investigations, science soon discovers that islands may be divided by their nature into two distinct sets or classes. Of these two divisions, the first includes islands which can lay claim to that title from the first day of their existence, in that they have never formed part and parcel of any larger mass of land. Thus we first distinguish the so-called "volcanic" islands, which, like the Azores, have been thrust up from the sea-depths by volcanic action, to form detached masses of land existing, it may be, many miles from a continent or mainland. Then comes a second class of islands which are called "continental," because, whatever their size, form, or situation, we can prove them to be, geologically, part and parcel of a bigger tract of land. They are the separated and disjointed fragments, so to speak, of a larger land-mass. Under this head are to be included many islands we know. The British Islands are simply detached parts of the European Continent; just as Trinidad is a fragment of South America; or as the Malay Archipelago represents the broken-up land which, once upon a time in its hale and solid state, connected Asia and Australia. Even New Zealand and Madagascar are continental islands in their way, although the exact dates of their separation may be very hard to trace in the mists of geological time.

Having thus succeeded in distinguishing between islands which, like St. Helena, the Azores, the Galapagos, and so forth, represent the eruptions into the earth's outside mass of volcanic matter; and those which, like Britain, Trinidad, and the West Indies, are really the detached pieces of large land-tracts, it behoves us to inquire further into the history of each group. We find the sea around our volcanic islands of great depth. They are separated from their mainlands, it may be, by abysses of ocean. On the other hand, the continental islands have, relatively, shallow seas separating them from their nearest continents. Witness, in proof of this statement, the German Ocean, the English Channel, the sea between Trinidad and America, or the general depth of the seas around the Malayan islands. We find a test, not only of the nature of an island in the depth of the seas around it—apart from its rock-structure—but, in the case of the continental islands, we can assure ourselves of the length of time they have been separated from their mainlands, by having regard to the same matter of ocean-deepness. The Azores, as volcanic islands, are thus separated from Portugal by sea varying from 2000 to 2500 fathoms. Within a short distance from the islands themselves the sea is about 1000 fathoms deep; within 300 miles it is 1800 fathoms, and soon deepens to 2500. With the Bermudas the case is similar: some 450 miles off, we reach the sea-bottom at 3825 and 3875 fathoms. St. Helena has sea of 2860 fathoms deep between it and Africa, some 1100 miles off. Contrariwise, the sea around our own shores is comparatively shallow; but, as I have remarked, whenever a continental island shows, like Madagascar, a deep channel between it and its mainland, the story such depth tells us is one of long detachment from the mother-country.

So far, islands have shown us that geologically, their history is interesting in respect of the marked variation between the two classes. Not less interesting is the additional evidence about islands which their animals and plants have to tell. Whence, let us ask, have detached islands, like the Azores, obtained their animals and plants? Upraised from the sea-bed, as have been these islands, their living population must have been derived from other and previously-peopled lands. This supposition is confirmed by our finding that on the Azores we discover no animals or plants—excluding those of man's introduction—which are not found on the Portuguese coast. The rabbits, weasels, mice, and a single kind of lizard, found in the Azores are importations. The birds which, of course, can fly over the intervening sea, are those of Europe; such also are the insects; and such, again, are the plants. In a word, there is nothing about the animals and plants of the Azores which we cannot explain by a reference to their European origin. Then also, on such detached islands, we cannot expect to find native quadrupeds or frogs; for these animals will not face and brave a long swim in the sea. In a word, it is precisely those animals and plants which have ways and means of conveyance over tracts of sea which people these distant islands, and come to live and flourish thereon.

Very different is the case with our continental islands. Here, the animals and plants are those of the adjacent mainland, altered and modified only in so far as the length of the separation of the islands indicates and allows. Our British animals and plants are those of the Continent, and the life of Trinidad is that of South America, because there has been no time, practically, for change. But in Madagascar, Australia, and New Zealand, as islands long separated, each from its mainland, we find living things utterly unlike the greater land-mass from which each island was derived. Thus it is that together geology and biology teach us much about islands of which geography takes no heed. But of this story of animals, and the wanderings of animals and plants, more, at some future season.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

Mrs R H BIRKETT.—Thanks for further contributions, which shall be reported upon. Difficulty is not looked for in two-move positions, variety and elegance of play being chiefly required. Signor Aspa's problem, in our opinion, is one of unusual prettiness.

H F L MEYER (Sydenham).—Problems received, and very acceptable. We shall also be pleased to have promised games.

Mrs BAIRD (Plymouth).—Thanks. Position looks well and works out nicely, but requires careful examination.

A R WILSON (New Barnet).—No; we publish the names in indiscriminate order.

W L JONES.—Cook's "Synopsis," published by Simpkin and Marshall. A very handy little shilling book is Mortimer's "Chessplayers' Pocket-Book," published by Wynnan and Son.

A BECHTER (Alost).—Did you send a remittance with the order? If not, the silence is probably accounted for.

JAMES PAUL.—The card did not reach us. We should be pleased to accept your offer. Address "Chess Editor."

W GLEAVE.—Problem shall be re-examined, and we hope to find it right.

W D WRIGHT (Aberdare).—We will announce our decision next week.

J H ELLIS.—We think your suggestion a good one, and have determined to adopt it.

W W F (Tufnell Park).—Yes; if the King has not been moved in consequence of the check.

R ADAMSON.—Many thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2333 received from G B Hewett (Middle Colahai); of No. 2340 from Sergeant Retchford (Fenanzar); W H Hayton, Blair H Cochrane, Emil Frau, and T Hammett; of No. 2341 from E Bohnstedt, O Erierington, Jack (Ryde), Sergeant Retchford, T Hammett, and P C (The Hague); of No. 2342 from A W Hamilton Gell, E Bohnstedt, W H Hayton, and J Hill.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2343 received from A R Wilson (New Barnet), Delta, A W Hamilton Gell, Mrs Kelly (Lifton), Thomas Chown, Julia Short, O E P, Jupiter Junior, E Lucas, E Casella (Paris), E Bohnstedt, J Stanley James, Howard A, J Hall, Hermit, Martha R, A Newman, Columbus, Dr P St, John Martin (Southport), Trial, A P Greenly (Gobham), Rev Winfield Cooper, W R Raillem, E A Probert, E E H, J Brown, W Von Beverhoudt, E Agnew (Liverpool), T G (Ware), Ruby Rook, J Reeve, Dawn, A H F S, R F N Banks, H Dorrington, A H Mole, H R S, Shadforth, P G Washington, G W Miller (Dalston), Rev J Gaskin, D McCoy (Galway), R Worters (Canterbury), B R S Frost, Jack (Ryde), Mrs R H Birkett, W L Jones, J Coad, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), J Heyworth Shaw, James Paul (Tulse-hill), L Desnances, Blair H Cochrane, J A Lambert, O Worrall, Fr Fernando, Hereward, F O Simpson, S B Tallantyre, Bernard Reynolds, F Snell, Nellie, J D Tucker (Leeds), James Sage, R H Brooks, O J Gibbs (Coventry), E W Sinnett (Woolwich), J T W, G J Yeale, J O Tabor (Ashford), E St John Crane, Sergeant Retchford, E London, and W Hillier.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2341.

By G. HEATHCOTE.

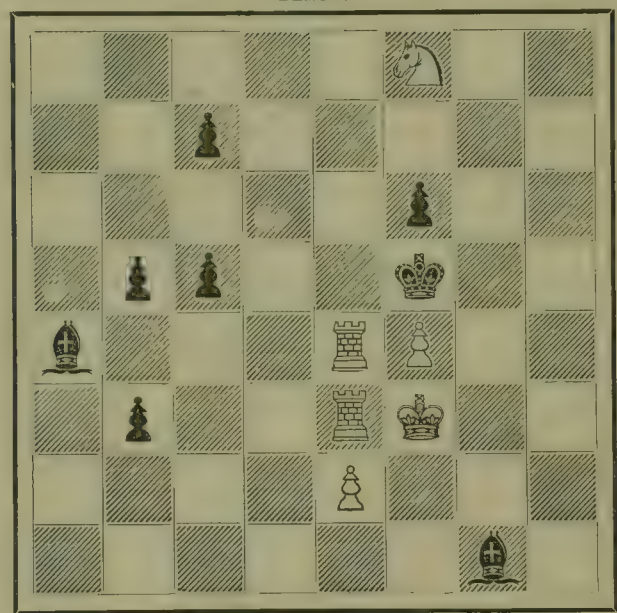
WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to R 8th K to B 3rd
2. Kt to Kt 8th (dble. ch) K to Kt 2nd, or Q 4th
3. B mates accordingly.

If Black play 1. K to B 5th, then 2. Kt to K 5th (ch); and if 1. K to K 3rd, then 2. R to R 5th, mating in each case on the following move.

PROBLEM No. 2345.

By H. F. L. MEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN HAVANNAH.

The seventh game in the match between Messrs. STEINITZ and TSCHEGORIN. (Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. T.) BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th B to Q B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th B takes Kt P
5. P to Q B 3rd B to R 4th
6. Castles Q to K B 3rd

A novelty introduced by Mr. Steinitz in the belief that it cuts White's attack at the root. Against the best living exponent of the Evans Gambit it does not seem, however, to have fared very well.

7. P to Q 4th K Kt to K 2nd
8. B to K Kt 5th Q to Q 3rd
9. P to Q 5th Kt to Q sq
10. Q to R 4th

By this move Black's pieces are completely blocked on the Queen's side, and never have a chance subsequently of coming into play.

11. Kt to Q R 3rd B to Q Kt 3rd
12. B takes Kt K takes B
13. Kt takes K P Q to K B 3rd
14. Kt to K B 3rd Q takes B P
15. P to K 6th P to Q B 3rd
16. P to Q 6th (ch) K to B sq

17. B to Q Kt 3rd P to K R 3rd
18. Q to K R 4th P to K Kt 4th
19. Q to K R 5th

Quite in keeping with the consummate judgment that has marked White's play throughout. The tempting move of Kt takes Kt P would at once be met with the reply of Q takes K P. It is only fair in this connection to notice the resource and ingenuity with which Black has conducted an uphill game for the last eight or nine moves.

20. Q R to Q sq Q to 6th
21. Kt to Q B 2nd K to Kt 2nd
22. Q Kt to Q 4th Q to K Kt 3rd
23. Q to Kt 4th P to K R 4th
24. Kt to B 5th (ch) K to B sq
25. Q takes Kt P Q takes Q
26. Kt takes Q P to R 5th
27. K to R sq

Anticipating Black's next move. White now finishes off the game with great skill.

28. R to R 4th Kt to K 3rd
29. P to K B 4th P takes P (en passant)
30. Kt takes Kt P R to R 3rd
31. Kt takes K B P K takes Kt
32. P to B 5th K to K sq
33. P takes Kt P takes P
34. Kt to K 4th Resigns.

The City Chess Club played its out matches with the Universities on March 2, and sent in each case a team strong enough to bring back an unbeaten certificate. Against Oxford a decided victory was scored, of the ten games played 6½ going to the metropolitan players and 3½ to the Oxonians. A much stiffer contest was waged at Cambridge, where, at the call of time, five games were credited to the City and four to the home team, one being undecided.

A match has been arranged between the City Club and the newly-formed Kent County Association, to be played on Wednesday next, March 20, at the Salutation Tavern, Newgate-street. There will be twenty players a side.

It was reported to the council of the National Pension Fund on March 7 that the invested funds reached £34,500. There had been 725 applications for pensions and sick pay, of whom 567 had paid contributions amounting to £10,774.

Sir W. Kirby Green, the British Minister to Morocco, having been ordered perfect rest for the benefit of his health, has left Tangier for England, via Spain and France, on three months' leave of absence. Consul White takes charge of British interests during his absence.

Lord Brassey presided at the annual festival of the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum, held on March 7 in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole. In proposing the toast of the evening, "Success to the Asylum," the chairman mentioned that there were at present 285 children in the asylum, and if funds were forthcoming the committee hoped to bring up the number to the regulation 300. Contributions to the amount of £1500 were announced.

SKETCHES IN AUSTRALIA.

The pleasant and thriving Victorian town of Geelong, on the shore of Port Phillip Bay opposite to Melbourne, was described in our last. Its Botanical Gardens were visited by our Special Artist, who especially admired the Fernery, and made it the subject of one of his Sketches. While staying in the city of Melbourne, he attended public worship one Sunday evening in the Pro-Cathedral. One feature of its services was rather a novelty: that of lady vocalists in the choir, with the boys and men attired in their stoles and surplices and college caps. Another Sketch is that of a street-scene in Melbourne, where stray dogs are a common nuisance. Men are employed, with specially-made carts, by order of the Town Council, to capture any dog not under proper control. It is very amusing to witness some of the incidents that take place. Mr. Melton Prior saw an old lady in a terrible state of mind, because her pet animal, having strayed from her side, was being unwillingly led to the receiving-cart. But his captor, on being made acquainted with the facts, returned the dog to the arms of its mistress, and it was almost stifled by her caresses. A view of the Hornly Lighthouse, on the Inner South Head of Port Jackson, guiding ships to the entrance of Sydney Harbour, is one of the Sketches from New South Wales.

A SLAVE GANG IN ZANZIBAR.

It would probably be more correct to state that this painful scene of human degradation took place on the East African mainland coast opposite to the island of Zanzibar, beyond the present rule of the Sultan. The sketch with which we have been furnished does not exaggerate the manner in which the victims of Arab cupidity and cruelty are forced to march hundreds of miles, chained and burthened, from remote interior districts, where they have been captured after the slaughter of half the men of their tribe, to the seashore, where they are sold into life-long bondage. It is to suppress this atrocious practice that the British gun-boats are constantly on the look-out for dhows attempting to run across to the ports of Southern Arabia; and the English Consul and Vice-Consul at Zanzibar, with the co-operation of the Sultan, have procured the liberation of many of the wretched natives of Africa. Nevertheless, we learn from the testimony of Mr. Joseph Thomson, and of other travellers, as well as from the missionaries, that the slave-trade is still carried on at a profit by finding purchasers on the mainland, while the carriage of ivory and other articles of merchandise for export is cheaply managed by the employment of those slave-gangs. It remains to be seen whether the German expedition now on its way to Zanzibar will be successful in expelling the slave-traders, who seem to have allies in the chiefs of native tribes along the coast. The Arab adventurer conducting this miserable train, who appears in our illustration stalking beside his line of slaves, armed with an old-fashioned gun and a sabre, does not stickle to put any of them to instant death for halting or murmuring in their dreadful journey. Some of those with whom he started, months ago, from beyond Lake Tanganyika, have perished in the wilderness and left their bodies to the wild beasts and the vultures. But the sale of survivors, though half-starved and worn out by fatigue, will make it a paying business, and he has no conscience or feeling of mercy.

ART MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

The Magazine of Art opens with a paper by M. G. Van Rensselaer on Washington Allston, A.R.A., whose works are better known in his native country, America, than in England, although he was an Associate of the English Academy, and his residence in America was the only obstacle to his attaining the higher honour. Mr. H. Seymour Trower contributes an article on Netsukés, illustrated with sketches of delightful specimens of those charming Japanese trifles, of which he has been for some time a collector, and is, therefore, a connoisseur. There is a good engraving of the fine picture by Mr. Frank Bramley, "A Hopeless Dawn," which excited so much attention in last year's Academy, and which has been purchased for the Chantrey Collection. Also one after the picture by Greuze, "A Dead Bird," in the collection of the Baroness Nathaniel De Rothschild. Mr. L. Higgin continues his picturesque description of the Isle of Arran, illustrated by J. MacWhirter, R.A.; and Mr. C. N. Williamson his paper on "Illustrated Journalism in England."

Mr. Claude Phillips contributes to the current Art Journal some account of Herr Fritz Von Urde, the German painter, of the French school, whose unconventional religious pictures have attracted so much notice of late years, when they have been exhibited in the Salon. The paper by Frances Sitwell on "Types of Beauty in Renaissance and Modern Painting" is interesting and profusely illustrated; the engraving of Leonardo da Vinci's "La Gioconda" is particularly good. Captain Bingham's article on the Bastille treats not only of the old historic building, but also of the model constructed in Paris, in view of the celebration of the centenary of its fall, at the Universal Exhibition, this year. The sketches illustrating it are extremely good, particularly that representing the Rue St. Antoine, one hundred years ago.

One of the most interesting contributions to the Scottish Art Review for March is Mr. Percy Stardee's "Bohemianism in Anticoli-Corrado," illustrated most charmingly by the writer and Mr. Harrington Mann. Mr. Frank Short continues his dissertation on "Etching and Etchers" from a former number; and Mr. James Oliphant contributes a most able protest against, and, at the same time, a plea for, the musical amateur. Two fine plates supplement this review: one, after the picture by Arthur Melville, A.R.S.A., entitled "The Snake-Charmer"; the other, a reproduction of an etching by James McNeil Whistler.

The frontispiece to the second number of Art and Literature is a fine engraving of a portrait of Lord Tennyson. It contains, besides, three beautiful mezzographs—one, after a picture by Josef Israels, being particularly good.

The March issue of Our Celebrities contains photographs of Baron Knutsford, Mr. J. Blundell Maple, M.P., and Mr. J. Norman Lockyer, by Walery, and the usual monographs on the lives of the originals by Mr. L. Engel.

We have received the prospectus of a new publication, entitled Academy Architecture and Annual Architectural Review, to appear in the beginning of May next. It will contain over one hundred full-page illustrations, reproductions of drawings hung in the Royal Academy, accompanied by plan sketches. It is hoped to be a means of popularising the art of architecture, as well as being an exhaustive reference-book for members of the profession on the work of the last few years.

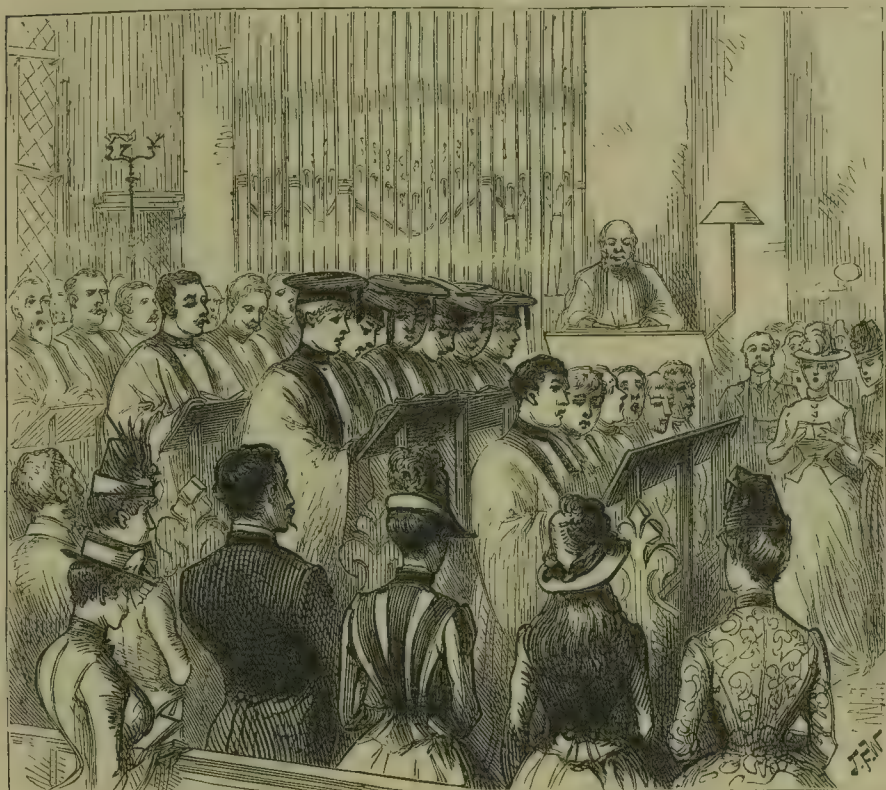
The Dominion Illustrated, published weekly in Montreal and Toronto, is a pleasing proof made by that northern colony of its progress in art and literature. The illustrations, chiefly reproductions by the Meissenbach process, are most excellent, and the publication competes successfully with many of its American rivals.



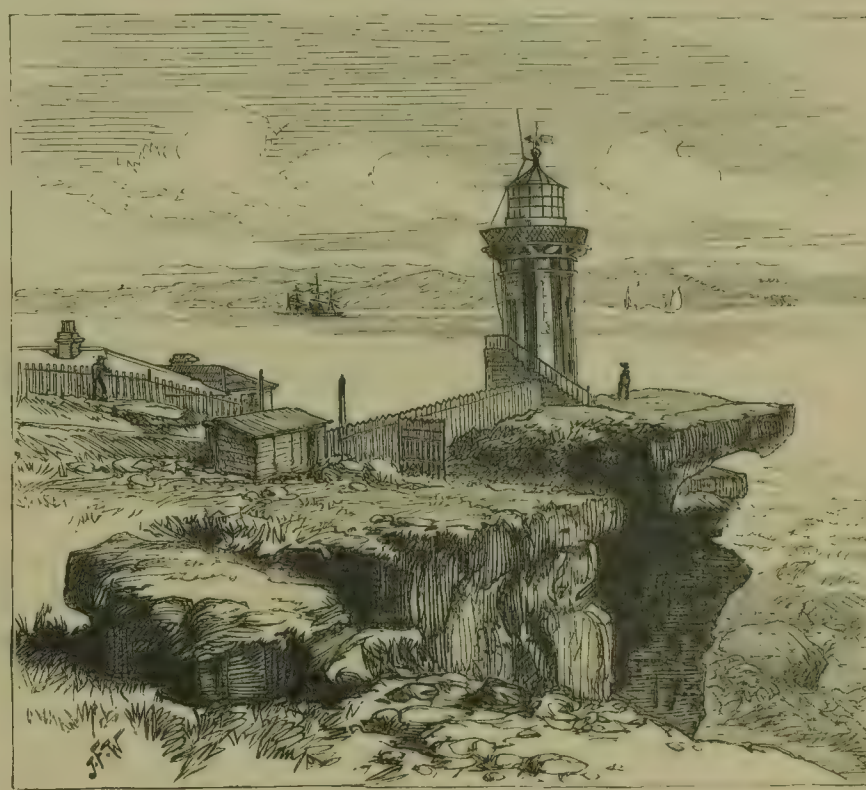
FERNERY, BOTANICAL GARDENS. GEELONG, VICTORIA.



PICKING UP STRAY DOGS. MELBOURNE.



CHOIR IN THE PRO-CATHEDRAL, MELBOURNE.



LIGHTHOUSE AT ENTRANCE TO SYDNEY HARBOUR.

SKETCHES IN AUSTRALIA: BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



A SLAVE GANG IN ZANZIBAR.
SKETCH BY MR. W. A. CHURCHILL.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

A woman's futile, and probably not serious, attempt to enlist in the British Army in this year of her Majesty has ended, naturally, in a police-cell. In older days, however, a few exceptional women succeeded in a like attempt. Anne Chamberlaine, Christian Davies, and Hannah Snell all served in the British Forces. The last named enlisted in 1746, and, after three years spent in the Army, deserted in consequence of a quarrel with her sergeant, culminating in an unjust punishment inflicted upon her; but she merely transferred her services to the Navy, in which she remained for a number of years. She took part in the siege of Fort St. David, was specially commended by her officers for her daring, was wounded, recovered, and continued in the service, and ultimately, after twenty years in the Navy, received a good-service pension. She appears never to have been suspected by her comrades, though they did call her "Miss Molly" for her feminine appearance (she was a wife and had been a mother, and was only twenty-two years of age when she enlisted first); but she got rid of this nickname, and substituted that of "Hearty Jemmy," partly by being foremost in all the athletic and other diversions of the vessel, and partly by successfully meeting in single combat the man who most persistently called her by the effeminate sobriquet. A girl who had fallen in love with Hannah gave her the money by the aid of which she deserted the first time. This is not, perhaps, very surprising; women of a decided, strong, yet tender and kind type, know how to be very attractive to other women. But it is curious to find Hannah herself, some years later, squandering her prize-money on another woman, who discarded "Hearty Jemmy" when his treasure was spent.

It is curious that a woman can go about undetected in male attire, but there is more evidence than the case of Hannah Snell and the other women named above of the thing having been done successfully. Mrs. Browning's page, who followed her unconscious husband to the war, when "Her little hand defiled with blood, Her tender tears of womanhood, Most woman-pure did make" is, doubtless, as mythical as Shakespeare's Rosalind and Viola. But there actually was the extraordinary Chevalier d'Eon, who went on diplomatic missions from the King of France to England, Sweden, and Russia, sometimes clad as a man and sometimes as a woman; who fought in the French Army, and who enjoyed a pension as a woman

in her old age. There is a contest now amongst authorities as to what the sex of this strange being really was; but certainly the Chevalier passed about the world as a man or a woman with equal assurance and safety, and neither by voice, bearing, nor manners was suspicion awakened amongst those meeting the traveller in either character. Then there was the Brazilian heroine, Donna Maria, daughter of one Gonsalvez De Almeida. This girl entered the army in disguise in order to patriotically fight for the independence of Brazil in 1820. Maria Graham (a well-known authoress of that time) saw Maria De Almeida in Rio in 1823, when the female-soldier, though betrayed by her sister to their father and so discovered, was still in the army, with the rank of an ensign and a decoration conferred on her for bravery by the Emperor. Her sex was revealed to her officers by her father coming to look for her; but the only difference that the revelation had made was that she had added a tartan kilt to the ordinary infantry uniform. She had seen a picture of a Highland soldier, and had adopted his distinctive garment as "the most feminine form of military dress." She was not particularly masculine in her appearance, and her manners were gentle. "She has not contracted anything of the coarse or vulgar in her camp-life, and no imputation has ever been substantiated against her. One thing is certain: that her sex never was known until her father applied to her commanding officer." Several women also fought without detection till death in the armies of either side in the United States civil war.

Journalism is one of the newest of professions, and accordingly women entered upon it almost simultaneously with men. It would have been a departure from the traditions of literature and an unwise ignoring of facts if the newly-founded "Institute of Journalists" had been confined to the male members of the profession. A proposal to do this, however, only received the votes of the mover and seconder, and the admission of ladies to the society was, with equal generosity and wisdom, carried with practical unanimity. The "Institute" is yet in its infancy. It may hereafter attain a position which will render it of consequence for women to be members of it; but just at present, though I am one of its 1200 members, I really cannot tell what it expects to achieve, beyond the promotion of comradeship. Only about a dozen ladies have joined the association as yet, amongst them being Mrs. Emily Crawford, of Paris, one of the most brilliant journalists of the day.

The "Institute," as a beginning, has had a very pleasant

conversazione given to its members by the Lord Mayor of London—the first recognition of journalists as a corporate body that the profession has ever received. It is, indeed, a very heterogeneous corporation, this company of workers on the daily and weekly press. The reporter-printer of an obscure sheet is a journalist on the one hand, and so, on the other, are some of the ablest men and women of letters of the day. Authors capable of the highest work in literature spend a large part of their time, and strength on writing paragraphs, generally anonymous, partly because it allows them the exhilarating interest of sharing in the stress and movement of the living hour (not only "Nothing human is alien to me," but "Everything that mankind is doing is my business"), and partly because it pays them better than continually writing books. Those are the two charms of journalism—influence and money; which is the greater charm in any given case, it is no use to ask the journalist himself. Probably we all write a good many things that we do not care to write because we are paid to write on those subjects, while every now and then we have the satisfaction of writing earnest words that our very souls believe, and giving aid toward what we would see accomplished. The double charm exists, and accounts for the eminence of intellect which the journalism of to-day enlists in its service. It was a wonderfully clever and bright-looking company that the Lord Mayor and his lady so gracefully entertained. The faces, as I looked round from the platform while the brief oratory of the evening was going on, somehow reminded me of the flash of polished steel sword-blades—so keen and yet so strong was the prevailing countenance. The Lady Mayor wore a pretty demi-toilette gown of terra-cotta satin veiled with jetted lace, and black velvet bodice and panels. Margaret, Lady Sandhurst, was in black silk.

"Powdered" balls, which came to us from France, we are familiar with in London; but a new development of the idea, which is now being taken up eagerly in Paris, is still unknown to us. This fresh form of the social vanities is the *dîner de tête* of which the Comtesse d'Anvers has been giving a series. The guests wear ordinary dinner gowns, but all have their heads dressed in some fanciful fashion. It may be an historical style that is adopted, or only one of those "coiffures de fantaisie" in which the skilled hairdresser delights. A glass coach and horses worn on a high powdered head, with curls falling on the shoulders, was considered the greatest success at the last *dîner de tête*. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

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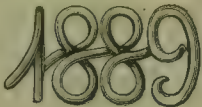
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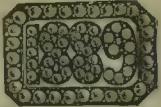


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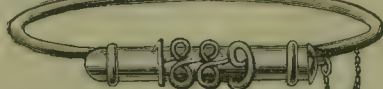
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MUSIC.

The concert of the Bach Choir could only before be briefly referred to, leaving some comments for present writing. As before said, the selection consisted entirely of works by the great composer whose name is associated with the institution that was established in 1876, with the special purpose of promoting the performance of music by the grand old German classic. This purpose has, on some occasions, been largely departed from by the admission of works by other composers, sometimes almost to the exclusion of those of Bach. The programme of the recent concert now referred to was more in analogy with the avowed object of the institution than has been the case on some previous occasions. Two of his many church cantatas—"Wachet auf" and "Halt im Gedächtniss"—and his choral (unaccompanied) motett for eight voices, "Singet dem Herrn," were excellently rendered, especially by the well-trained chorists. The first-named work is based on the old Lutheran chorale which gives it its title, and is the same melody introduced into Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" as "Sleepers, Awake." The vocal programme now referred to was varied by Herr Joachim's admirable performance of Bach's violin concerto in A minor, and his sonata in G minor for violin alone. The violinist also rendered the obligato for his instrument in the first of the cantatas; that for the oboe, and another for the obsolete oboe d'amore in the concluding cantata, having been skilfully played by Mr. Lebon. The solo vocalists of the evening were Misses L. Lehmann and Himing, Mr. C. Wade and Mr. P. Greene. Professor Stanford conducted with his well-known skill and care.

As already briefly announced, Ash Wednesday was specially solemnised by performances at the Albert Hall and St. James's Hall, Gounod's oratorio "The Redemption" having been given by the Royal Choral Society in the first-named building, and a sacred selection in the other. The soprano solos in the oratorio were brightly rendered by Miss Robertson, and those for contralto with admirable expression by Madame Patey. Mr. W. Mills having also sung with special effect. The other soloists were Mr. C. Banks and Mr. R. Hilton. Mr. Barnby conducted as usual. At the St. James's Hall concert Mr. Sims Reeves appeared, for the first time after his rather prolonged illness, and sang Handel's "Deeper and deeper still" and "Waft her, Angels," and the solo "I will arise," from Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Prodigal Son." Other well-known vocalists contributed to the programme. The concert was given in lieu of one of Mr. John Boosey's usual "London Ballad Concerts," the twenty-third season of which is now nearly terminated, the last of the morning performances having been announced for March 13, and the last evening performance on March 20.

The second appearance of Herr Joachim at the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall took place at the afternoon performance on March 9, when he again proved that his exceptional powers are in their fullest perfection. This was manifested in the leading parts of a string quintet by Mozart, quartet movements by Mendelssohn, and in the duet sonata (Op. 13) by Herr Grieg, who was the pianist of the day; Madame Grieg having been the vocalist. At the evening Popular Concert of March 11 Madame Néruda and Herr Joachim were associated in Bach's concerto for two violins; Miss F. Davies was the solo pianist, and Miss M. Hall the vocalist.

Miss Nettie Wood, an estimable vocalist (who has recently sung with much success), gave an evening concert at Steinway Hall on March 7, when her programme included the co-operation of other vocal artists and instrumentalists; Madame

Emily Tate gave a concert on the same day at Brixton Hall; the Westminster Orchestral Society held their twelfth concert on March 13 in the Westminster Townhall; and Mr. Arthur Rousbey, the well-known operatic baritone, announces a special morning performance of "The Marriage of Figaro" on March 14 at the Strand Theatre.

The fifteenth of the present series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace included two important works that were performed for the first time there—Dr. J. F. Bridge's overture, entitled "Morte d'Arthur," and Brahms's fourth symphony. Both these compositions have been performed elsewhere, and commented on by us. Each was effectively rendered by the fine band conducted by Mr. Manns. The concert also included Madame Néruda's admirable performance of Beethoven's violin concerto and a movement by Spohr, and vocal pieces rendered by Mr. P. Greene.

The first of a series of classical concerts at the Croydon Public Hall was announced for March 12.

The Philharmonic Society was to open its seventy-seventh season at St. James's Hall on March 14. The programme comprised several interesting works; Dr. Mackenzie having been announced as conductor, in lieu of Mr. Cowen, who has not yet returned from his Australian engagement. Of the performances of the opening Philharmonic concert we must speak hereafter.

The date of St. Patrick's Day falling on Sunday, a concert of a national character was announced for March 16 at St. James's Hall, and another for March 18 at the Royal Albert Hall, each programme presenting appropriate features, and comprising the names of eminent artists.

The deaths were recently reported of M. Davidoff, a skilful violoncellist; and Dr. W. H. Monk, who was eminent as an organist, as director of the choir at King's College, and as one of the editors of "Hymns, Ancient and Modern"; another recent death having been that of Mr. Sydney Smith, an esteemed pianist and teacher of his instrument, who produced much brilliant and showy pianoforte music, well calculated for teaching purposes.

The 151st dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians, it is to be hoped, will have resulted in substantial benefit, by means of donations and subscriptions, to an institution that has long administered large and widespread help to decayed musicians, their widows and orphans, and this by a system of efficient and inexpensive management that favourably contrasts with that of some other societies having similar objects.

The class-lists of the Cambridge University local examinations have been published. In the various classes 3187 junior boys passed or satisfied the examiners, whilst 1601 failed. Of the senior boys 332 passed in the three classes or satisfied the examiners, and 195 failed. The junior girls passed 1645 in the several classes or satisfied the examiners, and 868 failed; whilst 935 senior girls passed in the several classes or satisfied the examiners, and 513 failed.

The National Association of Journalists held a meeting on March 9 in the Mansion House, where, in accordance with the instructions of the special general conference at Bristol, the association was converted into the Institute of Journalists. In the afternoon the annual meeting of the London district was held in the Egyptian Hall, and in the evening a large company assembled at the Mansion House to a reception and conversation given by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress to meet the president and council of the institute.

FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

The spring Commission of the Free Church of Scotland met in the Free Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, on March 6, the Rev. Dr. Aird, Creich, moderator. In the course of the proceedings Principal Rainy gave in a report on behalf of the Sustentation Fund Committee. The state of the fund for nine months ending Feb. 10 last was £111,971, an increase of £827. Dr. Rainy said that now was the time when they should steadily move forward in connection with the Sustentation Fund, and that the time was near when they must make, not only an advance, but a decided and a remarkable advance in connection with it. The following were appointed corresponding members to the synod of the Presbyterian Church of England:—The Rev. Dr. Adam, the Rev. John M'Ewan, and the Rev. Dr. Candlish, ministers; Mr. E. A. Stuart Gray, of Gray and Kinfauns, Mr. R. R. Simpson, W.S., and Mr. Hugh Brown, Glasgow, elders.

Dr. Rainy made a statement regarding the Universities Bill. He said they had always been disposed not to press the matter of theological halls unduly so long as the Government did not take up the question of universities in general; but when they had done so they thought the matter should be put on such a footing that they should have some security that the question as relating to their own theological halls should be fairly looked at and justly disposed of. Without saying anything invidious, he thought he was correct in saying that the general impression was that a Government Commission could not, taken as a whole, be regarded as strong and impartial enough to have committed to it the absolute and final disposal of so great an interest. He proposed that, as the Bill might be taken up by Parliament before next assembly, they authorise the Commission to send a small deputation to London for the purpose of watching over the Bill, which was agreed to. Mr. R. G. Balfour submitted a report from the Marriage Affinity Bill committee, in which the form of the Bill was characterised as peculiarly objectionable. The committee recommended that Parliament be petitioned against the Bill. The report was adopted.

At a subsequent private conference, Dr. Laird, Cupar, intimated his acceptance of the moderatorship of next general assembly.

The Commander-in-Chief has approved of the holding of the tenth annual military tournament at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, from June 20 to June 29. A net amount of £21,000 has been contributed by the tournaments to the military charities since 1880.

Owing to the pressing need of a proper drill-hall, and the necessary accommodation for the Head-quarter Staff, new headquarters for the 20th Middlesex (Artists') R.V. have recently been erected on a convenient site, at a cost of £6500, including the requisite fittings and furniture; of this amount about £3200 has been subscribed by the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the regiment, aided by some few outside friends, leaving a debt of about £3300. In aid of the fund for paying off this debt, a matinée will be held at the new headquarters on Monday afternoon, March 25, when the Prince and Princess of Wales have signified their consent to open the new building. Many distinguished artistes have promised their assistance. Tickets, to include admission to the opening ceremony and entertainment, one guinea each, may be obtained of the honorary secretary of the entertainment committee, Captain Gore Browne, Adjutant, at the headquarters, Duke's-road, Euston-road, W.

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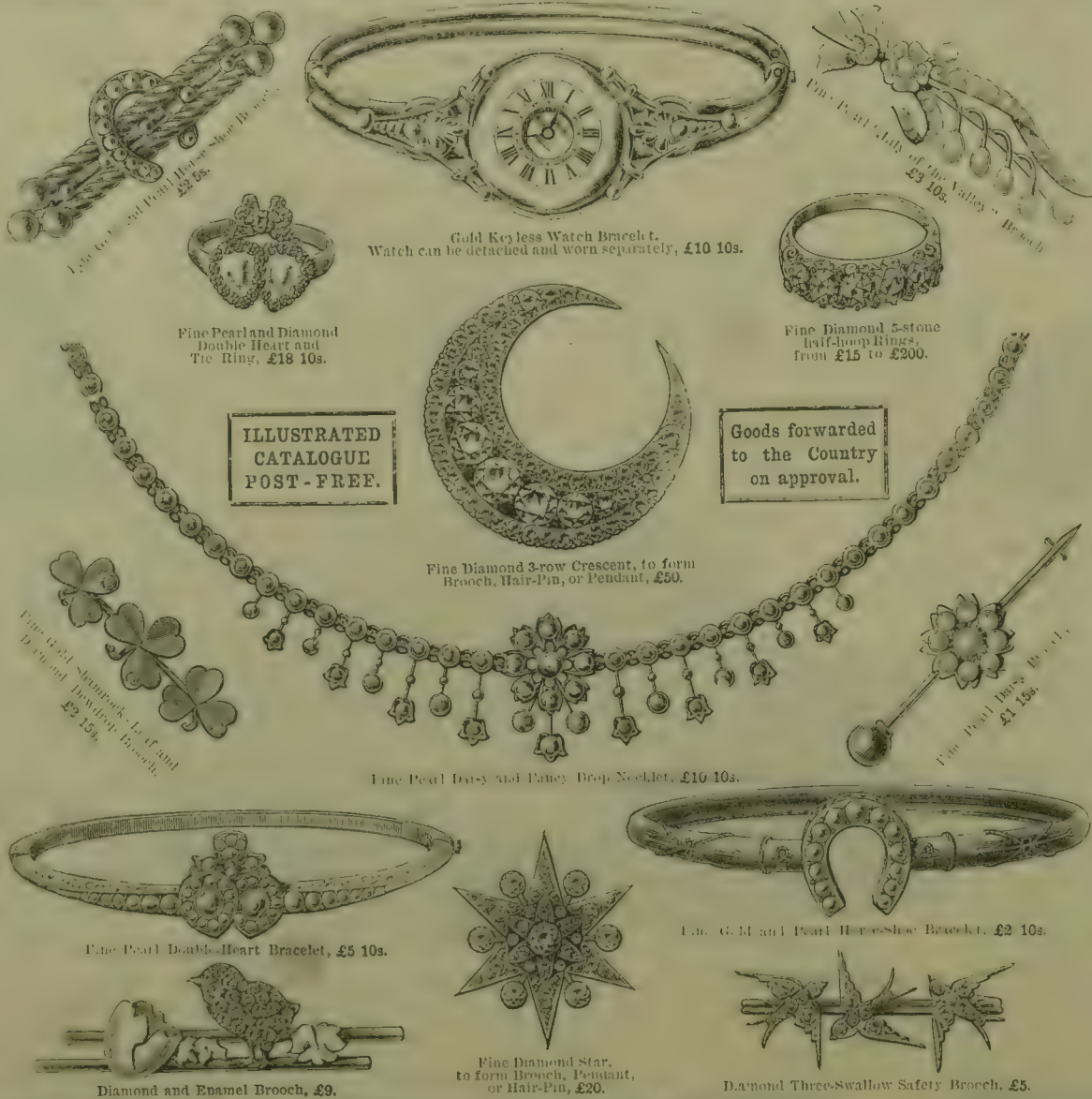
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Madame Vaillant-Couturier; Messieurs Talazac, Soulaireux, Degraye. Tuesday, 19th—Saturday, 23rd, ROMEO ET JULIETTE. Mademoiselle Simonnet. Messieurs Talazac, Soulaireux, Degraye. Tuesday, 26th—Saturday, 30th, LE ROI DES ROIS. Mesdames Deschamps, Simonnet. Messieurs Talazac, Soulaireux, Degraye. There will be a divertissement by the CORPS DE BALLET.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Probate of the will and codicils of Major Charles Lestock Boileau, of Castellan House, Barnes, was granted on March 5 to his widow, his son-in-law Henry Davis Willock, his nephew, Sir Francis G. M. Boileau, Bart., and Thomas Pix Cobb, the executors named in the will. The testator, after giving certain specific legacies, a legacy in trust for the benefit of his grandchildren and various other pecuniary legacies and an annuity to his widow during her life, bequeaths all the residue of his property, upon trusts, for the benefit of his daughter, Mrs. H. D. Willock, and her husband and children.

The will (dated Jan. 16, 1889) of Mr. Richard Bradshaw, late of No. 10, Stanhope-street, Hyde Park, and No. 52, Cornhill, who died at Brighton on Jan. 22, was proved on March 5 by William Graham Bradshaw, the son, and Mrs. Fanny Elizabeth Jacob, Miss Edith Georgiana Banks Bradshaw, and Miss Katharine Emily Bradshaw, the daughters, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £156,000. The testator gives £500 to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Kingston Bradshaw, and also, during her life or widowhood, an annuity of £600 and the use of his household furniture, horses, carriages, and general effects; an annuity of £175 and his house, No. 12, Westbourne-crescent, to his daughter Mrs. Jacob; £1000 each to his grandchildren, Ronald and Awdrey; and his office furniture at No. 52, Cornhill, to his son. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to three ninths, upon trust, for his son, William, and two ninths, upon trust, for each of his three daughters, Mrs. Jacob, Edith Georgiana Banks Bradshaw, and Katharine Emily Bradshaw, for their respective lives, with powers of appointment to their respective children.

The will (dated Oct. 14, 1883), with five codicils, of Mr. Moses Joseph, formerly of Sydney, New South Wales, and late of No. 47, Bedford-square, merchant, who died on Feb. 7 last, was proved on March 6 by Louis Charles Lumley, and David Morton Joseph and Jerrold Nathan Joseph, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £126,000. The testator bequeaths £15,000, upon trust, for his son Hyam Moses Joseph; £12,000, upon trust, for each of his sons Arthur Joseph and Jerrold Nathan Joseph; £8000, upon trust, for his son David Morton Joseph; £5000 each, upon trust, for his daughters, Mrs. Charlotte Lumley, Mrs. Alice Moss, and Mrs. Julia Moss; £12,000, upon trust, for his daughter Sarah Joseph; £1500, upon trust, for each of his grandchildren, Joseph Merton, Amelia Rosenberg, and Sarah Merton; £200 to the Stepney Jewish School; £20 each to the Greek-street Jewish Schools, the Jewish Hand-in-Hand Society, the Jews' Deaf and Dumb Home, the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum (Lower Norwood), the Jews' Blind Society, the Jews' Free Schools, the Jews' Infant Schools, the Jews' Board of Guardians, and the Jews' Aged and Needy Society; an annuity of £3000 and all his household furniture and effects to his wife, and during the life of his wife annuities of £400 each to his sons, Hyam and Arthur, and £300 (to be increased to £400 on his marriage) to his son Jerrold; and many other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his eight children and their respective issue.

The will (dated Jan. 23, 1883) of Sir Henry Arthur Hunt, C.B., formerly of No. 54, Eccleston-square, and No. 45, Parliament-street, and late of No. 16, The Lees, Folkestone, for some time Consulting Surveyor to Her Majesty's Office of Works, who died on Jan. 13, has just been proved by Henry Arthur Hunt, the son, and Frederick Seager Hunt, the nephew, the

executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £100,000. Subject to a gift of £1000, and the use, for life, of his furniture, plate, carriages and horses, to his wife, Lady Eliza Susannah Hunt, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to her for life. On her death, he gives £1000 to his daughter, Alice Mary Hunt; £500 and an annuity of £150 to his servant, Mary Ann Phillipson; £15,000, upon trust, for his son, Arthur Joseph Hunt; £15,000 each to his sons, Lewis George and Henry Arthur Hunt; £6000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Eliza Dickson; £6000 each to the trustees of the respective marriage settlements of his daughters Mrs. Harriet Mortimore and Mrs. Emma Mortimore; £15,000, upon trust, for his daughter, Alice Mary Hunt; and the ultimate residue to his son, Henry Arthur Hunt.

The will (dated July 31, 1872), with two codicils (dated May 11, 1874, and July 8, 1887), of Mr. William Joseph Allen, formerly of No. 22A, Cavendish-square, and late of No. 3, Great Cumberland-place, a retired member of the Bengal Civil Service, who died on Dec. 2, was proved on March 1 by Leonard Hopwood Hicks and Mrs. Caroline Eliza Shepherd Allen, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £73,000. The testator gives £1000, his furniture, pictures, and jewels to his wife, and devises his lands and hereditaments at Frodsham, Chester, upon trust for her, for life, and then to his son, Ashley William Allen. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; but, in case of her remarriage, £1000 per annum, part of the income, is to be paid to his said son and to his daughter, Miss Caroline Mabel Josephine Allen. On his wife's death, he bequeaths £10,000, upon trust, for each of his two children; £300 per annum to his daughter till she marries; and the ultimate residue to his son absolutely.

The will (dated Feb. 7, 1882), with a codicil (dated Dec. 22, 1886), of Mr. Thomas Smith, late of Cirencester, Gloucestershire, who died on Dec. 17 last, was proved on Jan. 22 at the Gloucester District Registry, by Joseph Sewell, the Rev. James Jonas Brown and Christopher Bowly, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £56,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and all his furniture to Jane Anne Williams; £500 to her sister, Elizabeth Williams; £20,000 to found a charity to be called "Smith's Cirencester Poor Charity," and full provisions are made in his will for its proper management: he particularly stipulates that no confirmed drunkard shall participate in the charity; £5000 to the Sanatorium at Weston-super-Mare; £2000 to the British and Foreign Bible Society; £2000 to the National Life-Boat Institution; and £1000 to the Gloucester General Infirmary. The capital sum of each of the charitable legacies is to be paid over to the Charity Commissioners, and the interest thereon is to be paid to the respective charities. The residue of his property he leaves to his cousins, Elizabeth and Hester Young and Mrs. Louisa Kimber. The testator directs that his estate shall be strictly marshalled in favour of the charitable bequests.

The will (dated July 12, 1870), with a codicil (dated Feb. 20, 1888), of Mr. Thomas Harvey Dutton Bayly, J.P., late of Ickwell House, Bedfordshire, and Edwinstone, Newark, Notts, who died on Feb. 5, was proved on March 1 by Robert Henry Lindsell and Charles Samuel Lindsell, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £43,000. The testator devises all his real estate to his uncle, John Harvey, and his heirs; and he gives £100 to each executor; and annuities of £100 to each of his servants, James Chessum and John Hayes. The residue of his property he leaves, upon

trust, for his uncle, John Harvey, for life, and then to his daughter, Beatrix Susan Audley Harvey.

The will (dated Oct. 12, 1885) of Miss Eliza Mesina Yates, formerly of No. 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, and late of No. 31, Onslow-gardens, South Kensington, who died on Nov. 2, was proved on Feb. 27 by Mr. Louis Charles Tennyson D'Eyncourt, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £30,000. The testatrix bequeaths £10,000 between her three nieces, Frances, Florence, and Edith Musgrave; £250 to Charlotte Johnstone; £200 each to Mrs. Alice Plunkett, her cousin Florence Crofton, and her godchild Muriel Crofton; £100 to Georgina Crofton; £100 to Mrs. Rolland; and £250 to her maid. The residue of her property she leaves to the children of her sister, Mrs. Sophia D'Eyncourt.

The will (dated May 24, 1884), with six codicils (dated July 21, 1884; Sept. 10, 1885; Jan. 30, May 12, and May 18, 1886, and Jan. 14, 1887), of the Rev. Henry Bull, Canon of Oxford, late of Lathbury Rectory, Buckinghamshire, who died on Dec. 18, was proved on Feb. 12 by Henry Edward Bull, the son, and the Rev. John Young Seagrave, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testator bequeaths £3000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Florence Sophia Powell; £1000 to his grandson Herbert; £1000 to Helen Pyner; £250 to the Oxford Diocesan Society for augmenting small benefices; £100 each to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and the Society for Propagating the Gospel; and legacies to children and others. He devises his "Summer Town Estate" to his son Henry, and appoints him his sole residuary legatee.

The first issue of an annual of military stories by the three well-known war correspondents, Archibald Forbes, George A. Henty, and Charles Williams, will be published at Easter, by Messrs. Ward and Lock, under the title "Camps and Quarters."

Several members of the National Society of French Masters in England, which was founded in 1881, under the presidency of Victor Hugo, to promote the teaching of French in this country, assembled at the Mansion House on March 6 to witness the distribution by the Lord Mayor of the prizes that had been won at the fourth annual competition in the French language and literature, open to all the schools and colleges in the United Kingdom. The gold medals given by the Minister of Public Instruction in France were awarded to Mr. Leo Watson, Queen's College, Taunton, and Miss Harriet N. Pepper, Yorkshire College, Leeds. Speeches having been delivered by M. Jusserand, Counsellor of the French Embassy in London; M. Ragon, president of the committee; M. Petilleau, M. Huguenet, and the Rev. S. S. Lewis, of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; the Lord Mayor, who was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, addressed the gathering. His Lordship read a telegram which he had received from the French Minister of Instruction expressing his deep sympathy with an institution whose success was calculated to strengthen the bonds of friendship between Great Britain and France. The Lord Mayor alluded to the circumstance that in his boyhood it was the custom to teach the dead languages rather than modern ones in the old-fashioned public schools. Latin and Greek, however, were useless to commercial men, what was required being a thorough knowledge of French and German; and he took it that greater familiarity with the French tongue would inevitably tend not only to increase the friendly but also to develop the commercial relations between this country and France.

LIGHT VERSUS DARKNESS.



"SHAKESPEARE — The Greatest Genius who has ever yet lived" — taught the DIVINENESS of FORGIVENESS, of Perpetual MERCY, of CONSTANT PATIENCE, of ENDLESS PEACE, of Perpetual Gentleness. If you can show me one who knew these things better than this man, show him! I KNOW HIM NOT! If he had appeared as a Divine, they would have BURNED HIM; as a POLITICIAN they would have BEHEADED HIM; but God made him a PLAYER.

"HE TAUGHT THAT KINDNESS IS NOBLER THAN REVENGE!" — The Rev. GEORGE DAWSON, M.A.

"Earthly power doth then show likest God's
When Mercy seasons Justice,

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
THE DEEDS OF MERCY. — SHAKESPEARE.

What higher aim can man attain

Than conquest over human pain?

JEOPARDY OF LIFE, THE GREAT DANGER OF DELAY.

You can change the trickling stream, but not the raging torrent.

WHAT EVERYBODY SHOULD READ. — How important it is to every individual to have at hand some simple, effective, and palatable remedy such as ENO'S "FRUIT SALT," to check disease at the onset! For this is the time. With very little trouble you can change the course of the trickling mountain stream, but not the rolling river. It will defy all your tiny efforts. I feel I cannot sufficiently impress this important information upon all Householders, Ship Captains, or Europeans generally, who are visiting or residing in any hot or foreign climate. Whenever a change is contemplated likely to disturb the condition of health, let ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" be your companion, for under any circumstances its use is beneficial, and never can do harm. When you feel out of sorts, yet unable to say why, frequently without any warning you are suddenly seized

with lassitude, disinclination for bodily or mental exertion, loss of appetite, sickness, pain in the forehead, dull aching of back and limbs, coldness of the surface, and often shivering, &c., &c., then your whole body is out of order, the spirit of danger has been kindled, but you do not know where it may end; it is a real necessity to have a simple remedy at hand. The Pilot can so steer the raging storm, bring the ship into safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm. The common idea when not feeling well is: "I will wait and see; perhaps I shall be better to-morrow;" whereas had a supply of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" been at hand, and use made of it at the onset, all calamitous results might have been avoided. What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely Death?

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

Albeit Ash Wednesday saw none of the Metropolitan playhouses closed by edict of the Lord Chamberlain, as used to be the case, Lent finds the customary slight diminution of attendance at our leading theatres. The season but little decreases, however, the large audiences attracted by Mr. Henry Irving's magnificent revival of "Macbeth" at the Lyceum, where the successful run of Shakespeare's tragedy will be uninterrupted till Passion week. Then Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Lyceum company will be given a rest of five nights; re-appearing in "Macbeth" the evening after Good Friday. That clever follower of Mr. Irving, Mr. Richard Mansfield, produces "King Richard III." with splendid effect and a remarkably good cast, Mr. Mansfield himself taking the part of Richard, at the Globe on Saturday night, the 16th of March. It seems a pity that this revival should clash with the première of Mr. A. W. Pinero's new play, "The Weaker Sex," promised by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal the same evening at the Court, where the run of Mr. Sydney Grundy's diverting comedy of "Mamma" has been suspended by Mrs. John Wood for the present. But this unfortunate circumstance is probably to be attributed to the necessity of settling dates in the dramatic world some time in advance. The Prince and Princess of Wales signalled their return to town for the season by attending on Monday, March 11, the performance of the mirth-moving Parisian piece, "Les Femmes Nerveuses," at the Royalty. It must suffice to mention that Mr. Charles Wyndham's reproduction of Mr. James Albery's sparkling comedy, "Two Roses," at a Criterion matinée, Mr. Wyndham adding the rôle of Jack Wyatt to his growing list of sentimental heroes, met with such a cordial reception that this delightful and thoroughly English play was announced for repetition on the afternoon of the 13th of March. Coming to the grand spectacle of "Babes in the Wood" at Drury-Lane, chiefly memorable for its admirably devised Toy Ballet and its wonderfully rich and variegated pantomime are announced by Mr. Harris.

The well thought-out and well-acted part of the rugged Yorkshire squire, John Saxton, one of Mr. Wilson Barrett's very best creations, was dwelt on last week; but little was then said of Mr. Barrett's new drama, "Now-a-days," of which this is the central and principal character. "Now-a-days" is racy of the Turf; and should be, accordingly, acceptable to all classes of Englishmen. It relates, in brief, not only the story of John Saxton's reconciliation with his generous and warm-hearted son,

whom he had in his wrath driven from home for befriending an old neighbour brought within an ace of ruin; but it also shows how a knot of turf blacklegs spirit away a Derby favourite, only to find their machinations defeated and the race eventually won by the owner of Thunderbolt, a venaal jockey being displaced at the last moment before the start by probably the greenest jockey that ever wore silk. It appears to be almost impossible for any author to write a racing play without falling into some errors; but the downright mistakes as regards the Turf in "Now-a-days" seem to be few. The scenery, especially that painted by Mr. Stafford Hall, is worthy the piece. In the acting, Mr. Wilson Barrett is capably supported by Mr. George Barrett and Miss Grace Hawthorne (who infuse much earnestness into the conspicuous parts of the honest bookmaker and Jenny Dowling, his beguiled daughter); also by that sterling young artist, Mr. Lewis Waller, as Tom Saxton; and by Miss Norreys, Mr. H. Cooper Cliffe, Mr. Julian Cross, Mr. Austin Melford, Mr. Horace Hodges, and Miss Webster.

The incomparable charm of Mrs. Dallas-Glyn's silvery elocution in the days of her prime as a Shakespearean actress will still be fresh in the recollection of numberless playgoers, who will regret, with us, that this gifted lady is suffering from a painful malady. Mrs. Dallas-Glyn is so great a sufferer as to be incapacitated from continuing her lessons in the dramatic art. With characteristic generosity, Mr. Irving has started a public subscription for Mrs. Dallas-Glyn with a contribution of twenty-five guineas; and an influential committee has been formed to promote this timely fund. We would urge our readers desiring to contribute to forward their subscriptions to the Dallas-Glyn Testimonial Fund at the Argyll-street branch of the Union Bank of London.

The annual return of the Volunteer corps of Great Britain for the year 1888 has been issued. According to these figures, the authorised establishment was 257,743, against 255,478 in 1887. Of these there were 220,124 efficient, whereas in the preceding year the number was 221,491, showing a slight decrease. There were 6345 non-efficient, against 6547 in 1887; and the number of enrolled in 1888 was 226,469, as compared with 228,038 in 1887. The number who qualified for the special grant of 50s. was 6164 officers and 12,932 sergeants, against 6192 officers and 12,792 sergeants in 1887. The officers who passed in tactics and qualified for the special grant numbered 1086, compared with 904 in the preceding year; and 27 officers passed in signalling and qualified for the special

grant, against 4 only in 1887. The numbers present at inspection were 196,707, against 197,269; while the percentage of efficient to enrolled was 97.19, as compared with 97.12; and the percentage present at inspection to enrolled was 86.86, against 86.5.

In preparation for the University Boat-Race, the Cambridge crew began practice at Putney on March 11, and the Oxonians at Cookham.

An exhibition of Mr. Donkin's photographs of Alpine scenery and of the scenery of the Caucasus, under the joint management of the Alpine Club and of the Photographic Society, has been opened at the Gainsborough Gallery, 25, Old Bond-street. Some of the best snow and ice views are shown by the aid of a powerful optical lantern, which gives them a fine effect, on a scale enlarged to 24 ft. square. The series includes some taken last year in the Caucasus, which are entirely new, as well as those taken in 1866, which have not been shown in public before.

At Cambridge University the Chancellor's Medal for an English poem has been adjudged to A. B. Cook, scholar of Trinity; honourably mentioned, F. A. Hibbert, St. John's. The Porson Prize was taken by J. P. M. Blackett, St. John's; honourably mentioned, G. A. Davies, scholar of Trinity, and T. R. Glover, scholar of St. John's. Sir William Browne's Medals were awarded as follows:—for Greek Elegiacs, F. W. Thomas, scholar of Trinity; for Latin Ode, E. E. Sikes, scholar of St. John's; for Greek Epigram, R. Gregg Bury, scholar of Trinity; and for Latin Epigram, John Basil Wynne Willson, scholar of St. John's.

BIRTHS.

At Canela Villa, Turret-road, Colombo, Ceylon, on Feb. 8, 1889, to Winifred and Donald Ferguson, a daughter.

On March 9, 1889, at Ardunah, Glenagary, in the county of Dublin, the wife of William Comyns, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

On March 2, at St. Leonard's Church, Streatham, by the Rev. J. K. Nicholl, M.A., Rector, assisted by the Rev. G. M. Drought, M.A.; Dr. David Thomas Wylie, eldest son of G. Wylie, Esq., Ashgrove Moy, Tyrone, to Anne Catherine (Blossom), eldest daughter of Charles C. Macfarland, Esq., Mountfield, Streatham, Surrey.

DEATH.

On March 4, at Dublin, Oliver J. Burke, Esq., B.L., Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, second son of the late Joseph Burke, Esq., of Ower, in the county of Galway, aged 63.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

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SOCIETY'S SCHOOLS, Redhill.—For Orphan and other Necessitous Children of Parents who have moved in a superior station of life. The Anniversary Festival will be held, by the kind permission of the Court of the Clothworkers' Company, in their Hall, Minors-lane, on March 29, 1889. Field-Marshal H.H.H. the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., in the chair, supported by the Lord Mayor, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Gray, and Mr. Sheriff Newton. Donations and Subscriptions earnestly solicited and gratefully acknowledged.
R. H. EVANS, Secretary.
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IN SOUND.
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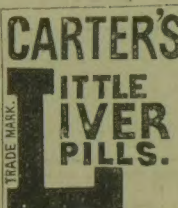
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